

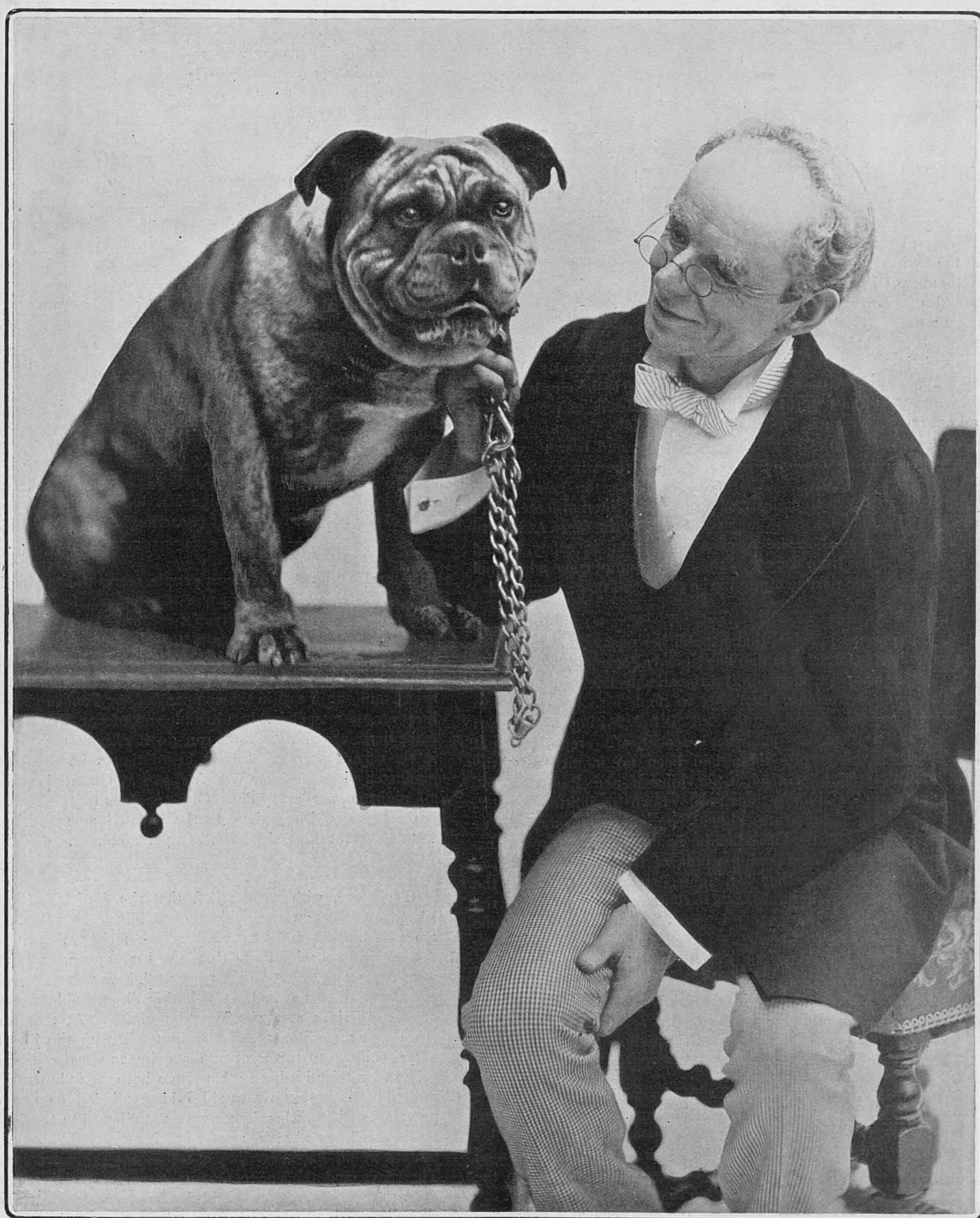
# The Sketch



No. 548.—VOL. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1903

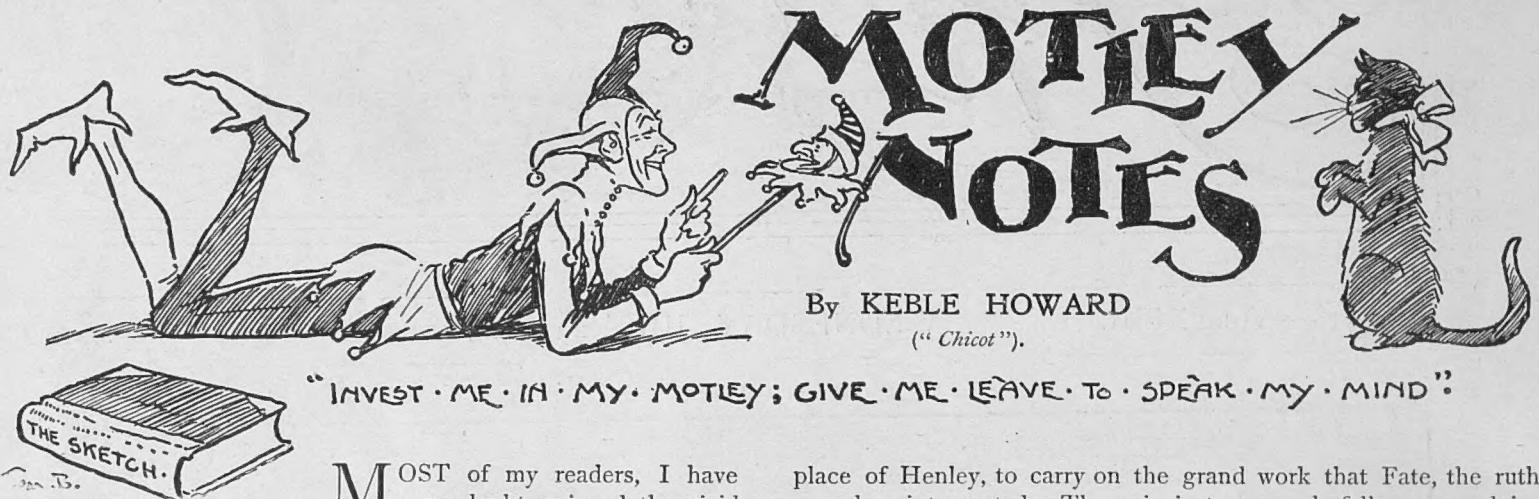
SIXPENCE.



[Photographed for "The Sketch" by Messrs. Bassano, Ltd.]

THE BULLDOG AND MR. JAMES WELCH IN "GLITTERING GLORIA,"  
THE NEW FARCE AT WYNDHAM'S.

THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" SAYS: *It was the Bulldog, as represented by Himself, who carried off the real honours of the evening.*



By KEBBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

MOST of my readers, I have no doubt, enjoyed the vivid description that appeared in the daily papers last week of the Royal visit to the Marconi Station at Poldhu, Cornwall. They will also remember how that the Prince of Wales, entirely unaided, climbed to the summit of a Marconi Tower. But it has been left for me to record another ascent of the self-same tower that was achieved on the following day. The dauntless soul who thus dared to emulate the feat of His Royal Highness was none other than *The Sketch* photographer, who had journeyed down to Poldhu for the purpose of obtaining a Photographic Interview with Signor Marconi. I will pass over the perils and adventures of our representative's climb, and ask you to picture him at the top of the frail structure, idly chewing the end of a cigarette, and gazing, with half-closed eyes, at the restless waters of the broad Atlantic. But suddenly, as he lies at his ease, the tower begins to sway to and fro! Can it be liver? No, for the oscillation becomes more violent at every moment. Hastily swallowing the cigarette—it may be his last meal!—he crawls to the staircase and begins to grope his way down. Beads of perspiration stand out on his brow; he recalls, only too vividly, the story told to him that very day of the original scaffold-poles and how they came to the ground, borne down by the tension of the wires. Now he peers over the edge of the staircase, and sees the earth below shifting and dancing as though impelled by some internal force. But the brave fellow sets his teeth and struggles downwards. At last, to cut a harrowing story short, he reaches the ground in safety, to find that the swaying has been caused by the hauling up of some additional wires. Such are the risks men run in the pursuit of new sensations!

It is not often, I imagine, that a publisher goes out of his way to assure an author, before that author has signed a contract, that the book he has submitted for consideration is a remarkably fine piece of work. It is the more refreshing, therefore, to find Mr. John Lane, in his preface to "The MS. in a Red Box," writing as follows: "It was then sent to the publisher's reader, who reported on it with enthusiasm; meanwhile there had been no inquiry from the author, and the publisher read it for himself and fully endorsed the opinion of his literary adviser." Such delightful candour on the part of a publisher should be worth a magnificent royalty to the writer of the MS. when he finally decides to reveal his identity. Judging by the opening words of the novel, however, it seems somewhat unlikely that Mr. John Lane will ever meet the author on this side of the grave. "On the tenth of May," writes the unknown one, "in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, I rode from Temple Belwood to Crowle, as blithe and merry as any young fellow in the world." Presuming that the work is autobiographical, there is an uncanny flavour about the whole business that makes one handle the leaves of the novel rather gingerly. Consider, too, the colour of the box! If there is anything in my theory, I sincerely trust that Mr. John Lane never will meet the author.

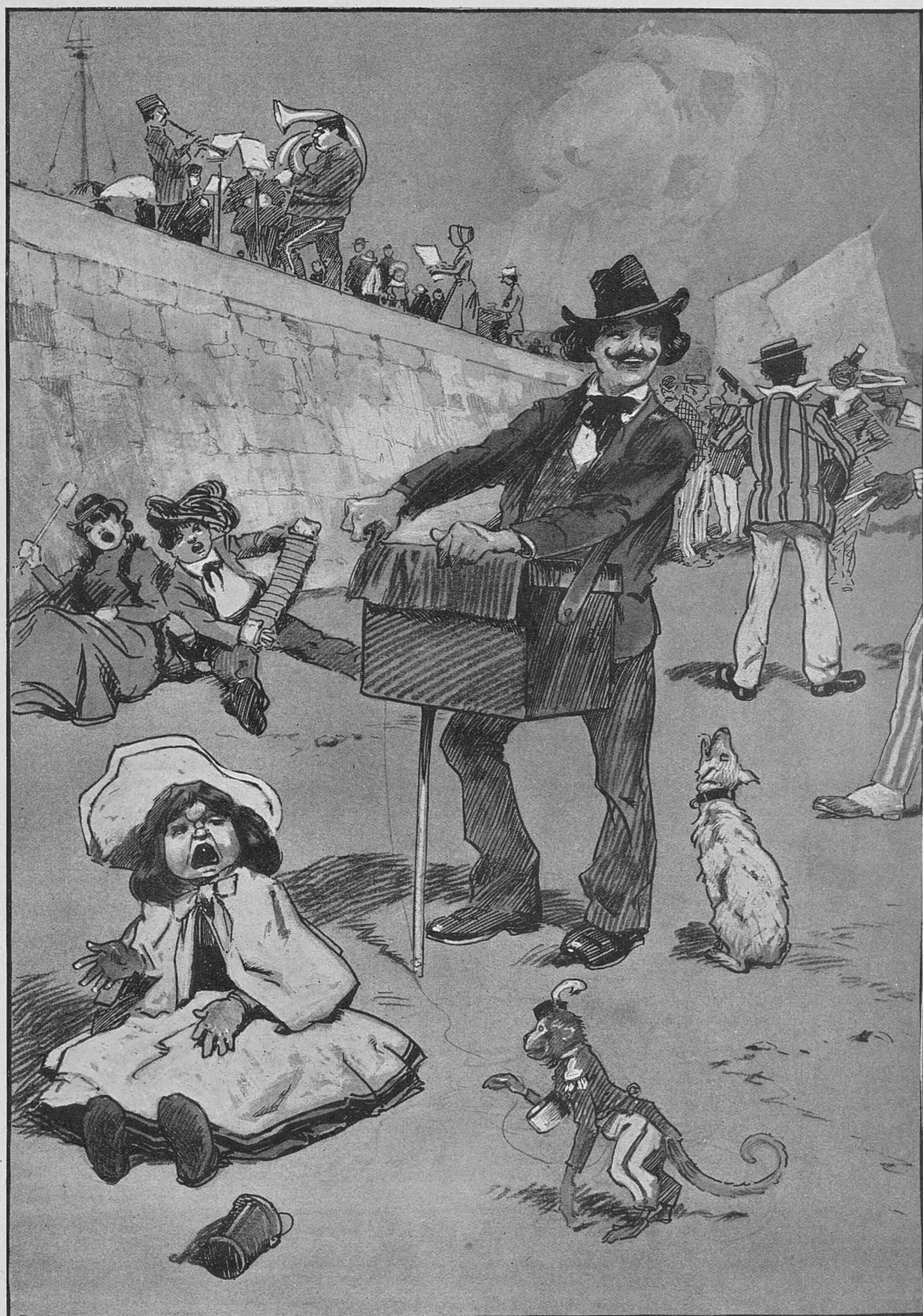
The Summer Number of *T. P.'s Weekly* will bring many new supporters to this clever little journal. Perhaps the most interesting contributions are the sincere tributes to the memory of W. E. Henley by Arthur Morrison, H. D. Lowry, and E. Nesbit. Says Mr. Morrison: "Poet, patriot, friend: gay, generous, humorous, unflinching to the last: more than I am proud to have called him friend and mentor . . ." One cannot help envying those who had the privilege and advantage of working under Henley; intelligent criticism, practical advice, kindly encouragement mean so much to the young writer with all his battles before him. Surely somebody will come forward to take the

place of Henley, to carry on the grand work that Fate, the ruthless one, has interrupted. There is just as much fallow ground in the field of literature to-day, one imagines, as Henley found when he went forth to sow.

Easily amused though I am, it is a long time since I have laughed so heartily as I did during the second and third Acts of "Glittering Gloria," the new farce at Wyndham's Theatre. I am bound to admit, however, that my merriment was not aroused by any particular display of wit on the part of the author. In itself, the play is a boisterous farce of the "Night Out" order. But Mr. James Welch and Mr. Lennox Pawle gave us a couple of character-studies that were infinitely cleverer than anything I can remember in "A Night Out." Mr. Lennox Pawle's by-play during the rush and scramble of the third Act was really a superb piece of humorous acting. Then, whenever the fun on the stage flagged a little, I amused myself by watching the critics. Poor fellows, how bored they were! Every moment their faces grew sadder and sadder; the more the audience laughed the more the critics sighed. I could not help wondering why managers invite people who are in the habit of taking themselves seriously to come and witness an entertainment of this kind. The only way to enjoy a farce is to throw your head back, open your mouth as widely as possible, and guffaw. Imagine Mr. Walkley guffawing! The very idea of the thing is little short of sacrilegious.

America, that land of clever people, seems to have its due leavening of fools. I read in a daily paper of a certain fashionable gentleman who contributes to the gaiety of Newport life by playing tennis in a bathing-suit and taking parrots for a ride on his automobile. In England, of course, we are not so clever as they are in America: if you doubt the truth of that statement, you have evidently omitted to spend an hour or two in the company of our Yankee visitors. I think, however, we may claim, in a humble sort of way, that when we want to make ourselves ridiculous we can do it without any adventitious aids in the way of parrots. I have heard that a band of loutish undergraduates wrecked Oscar Wilde's rooms at Oxford because he sat up all night to see a lily die. One trembles to think what the young barbarians would have done to the ill-fated poet had he ventured to wheel a parrot down the High in a perambulator.

I observe, with some relief, that the *Daily Mail* has closed the correspondence on the subject of Public School fare. My relief, I am afraid, arises from a purely selfish feeling, the truth being that the letters from schoolboys that have been appearing from day to day were beginning to get on my nerves. There was a ring of truth about them, and they recalled, in a highly disagreeable manner, my own gastric sufferings at a similar period of life. At that time, however, there was no editor sufficiently in touch with the joys and sorrows of schoolboys to throw open his columns for the discussion of our grievances. Had it been otherwise, what caustic letters I would have indited! How bitterly would I have alluded to one custom that prevailed with us, whereby we were not allowed to touch knife or fork until every boy and every master had been served! In what scathing terms I would have described a certain soup that was set before us on Thursdays, and the coffee that we were compelled to swallow every day! How Zolaesque I might have waxed over the unwashed cabbages, the oily butter, the rank curry, the leathery fish! But there was no *Daily Mail* in those days. The only journal that recognised our existence was the School magazine, and even that—as I knew to my cost—was savagely censored by the Headmaster.



MUSICAL MARGATE.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*With the Yachts to Ostend—A Driver and a Cook—The Respectability of the Town.*

IT was a long day's racing with a light wind from Dover to Ostend, but just before sundown all the yachts had sailed in between the two wooden piers and lay in a mass outside the lock-gates, waiting to pass into the inner harbour. Someone compared the scene to Boulter's Lock on Ascot Sunday, and it was not unlike it on a



MR. WILLIAM POULETT, THE UNSUCCESSFUL CLAIMANT TO THE POULETT EARLDOM.

Photograph by Vane Whistleton.

magnified scale. The masts of the bigger boats—*Thérèse*, *Bona*, *Navahoe*—stood up like forest-trees above the saplings, and the smallest craft squeezed themselves into the best positions. We had just made fast a hawser to the shore, when a little black boat slipped over it and squeezed past our jib-boom. The old mate growled something about cutting her in half, but everybody's manners were far too perfect to allow anything so disagreeable to be done. When the gates were opened, the crush of the fleet passed gradually through, and each yacht hauled in to any vacant berth at the quay, the late-comers making fast outside the early birds when all the shore-space had been taken up, and in some spots lying five deep.

The quay at Ostend is not perfect lying by any means for a yacht, for one of the staple industries of the port appears to be the import of coal and patent fuel; the noise of cranes never ceases, trains of grimy trucks are constantly in movement along the dock-edge, and the stone facing of the dock and the cobbles of the road are all dark-grey ingrained with coal-dust. We rather envied *Brynhild* and *Navahoe*, lying in cleanly solitude in a rather inaccessible sheet of water known as "The Hole"; but the tram-cars ran past our gangway, the little victoria hired for the week and christened the "shore dinghy" was never more than a few yards distant, and we voted that coal-dust and a handy berth were better than cleanliness and splendid isolation.

Frank, the driver of our shore dinghy, smart, clean-shaven but for a little, yellow moustache, and wearing a very shiny tall-hat, is a curious hybrid, for he is a coachman and a cook in one. During the October season he drives his victoria and attaches himself to whatever yacht may be in the docks; in winter he ships as a cook on steamers going to England. He speaks good English, knows all that is going on in Ostend, even to the Court gossip, and has thriven so well that he now owns two carriages and horses and a little shop for the sale of eggs and butter. The Belgians are as adaptable as the Americans, and one sometimes finds even stranger combinations than that of coachman and cook. Walking one day on the Ostend digue with a compatriot, I saw him suddenly stare very hard at a policeman with a big moustache. I at once thought that the policeman must have some knowledge of something criminal committed by my friend in some "dreadful past," and began gleefully to ask questions. "That is the waiter who served dinner at the house I dined at last night," said my friend, and so it was, for the policeman recognised him patronisingly.

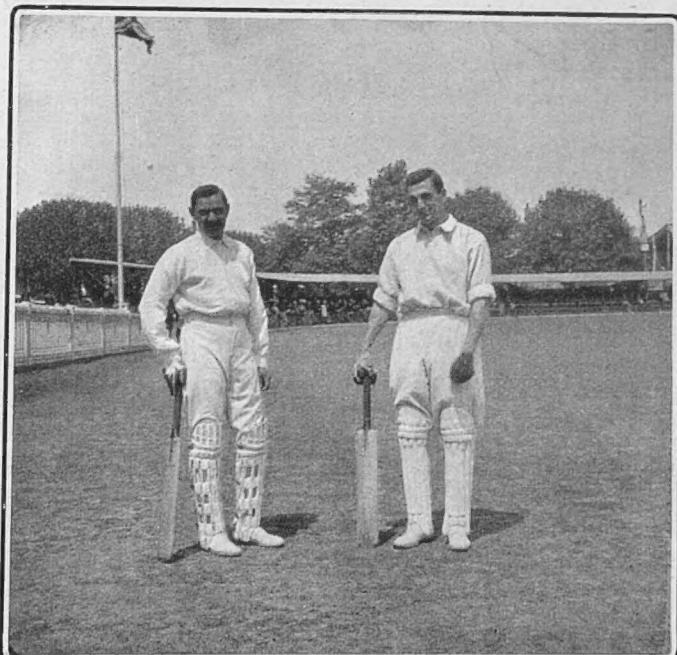
When he was off duty, the Ostend "bobby" added to the stipend given him by a grateful country by handing round the soup and the "Moules Marinières."

The first day of the racing-fleet's stay at Ostend was a day of rest. It was the King's birthday, and all the yachts dressed ship, turning the harbour into a grove of fluttering bunting, and in the innermost basin aquatic sports were held. Two men on the prows of boats tilted at each other with mops until one or the other of the combatants was knocked into the inky water; there were races for little boats, and swimming contests, and a greased pig flung into the dock squealed and beat the water amidst a jostle of swimmers, till at last a competitor, who had evidently dealt with greasy pigs before, seized it by the hind-leg and drew it ashore.

On the digue and in the Casino the men in dark-blue with bronzed faces and yachting-caps were much in evidence, and everybody was curious to see how Ostend was comporting herself now that the tables have been abolished and that the great Belgian pleasure-town is as respectable as her neighbours. It is early as yet to judge, for the Ostend season never settles down into its stride until the first week in August; but the shop-keepers prophesy lean receipts, the hotel-keepers shrug their shoulders despairingly, and the driver of the shore dinghy says that the glory of Ostend has passed. The authorities of the town have determined to substitute other attractions for the spinning-wheel and the two rows of cards dealt by the croupier, and sport is the dominant note this year in the life of the place. Morning and afternoon the polo-ponies kick up the grey dust on the ground inside the race-track as they gallop, the guns crack constantly at the "Tir aux Pigeons," and, when they are silent, Belgian cavalry officers, red-breeched, take perfectly trained chargers over jumps in the Concours Hippique. The race-track is conscientiously watered daily, that it may be in the best of order for the Sunday races, there are fencing-matches for champions, and the beauties of the Golf Links are advertised far and wide.

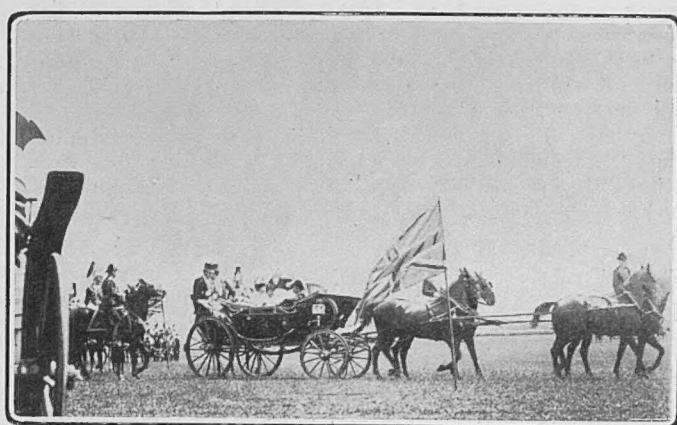
The rooms of the Cercle Privé have now been taken over by another Club, and the little horses spin and other mild gambling takes place where maximums of hundreds of pounds were risked last year. Membership of the old Club does not carry membership of the new, and an irritating delay of at least two days has to be gone through before anyone this season can pass the sacred portals. In this the authorities are short-sighted, for they would have been wise if they had invited a selection, at least, of the old members to continue their membership. The band of the Casino is this year a splendid one, and it plays from eight till half-past nine in the evening.

Among the curious, pathetic, and even grotesque sights of London, few have compared in romantic interest of late years with that of "Viscount Hinton," the organ-grinder who last week failed in his claim in the House of Lords to the Poulett Earldom. The other claimant to the dormant title was the son of the late Lord Poulett by his third wife. One of those strange romances of the Peerage was unfolded, a formidable array of distinguished counsel being engaged, and seven great Law Lords, headed by the Lord Chancellor himself, being gathered together to hear the case. The elder claimant, he of organ-grinding fame, is declared by his friends of both high and low degree to have a firm belief in his own right to the Earldom. At various times he has had powerful friends, one of the most kindly having been the late Duchess of Cleveland.



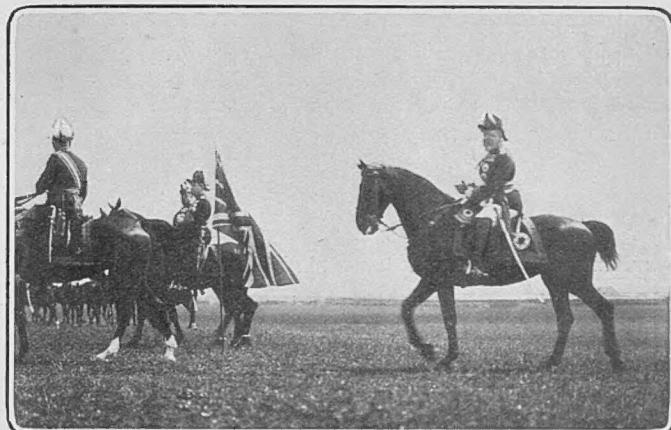
TWO GREAT SUSSEX BATSMEN, K. S. RANJITSINHJI AND C. B. FRY.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THREE INTERESTING EVENTS.

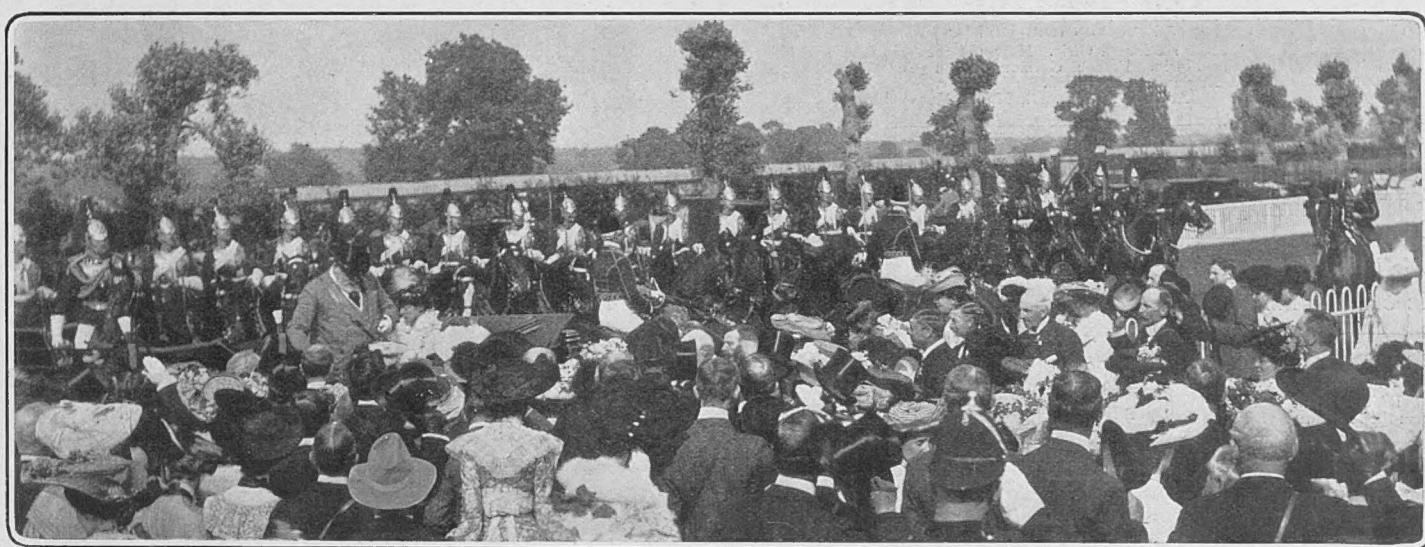


THE GRAND REVIEW IN PHÉNIX PARK, JULY 23: THE QUEEN  
DRIVING ON TO THE GROUND.

*Photographs by Thompson, Pembroke Road.*



THE GRAND REVIEW IN PHÉNIX PARK, JULY 23: HIS MAJESTY  
THE KING.



THE RACES IN PHÉNIX PARK, JULY 23: ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

*Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*



THE KING'S VISIT TO TRINITY COLLEGE, JULY 22.

*Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.*

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## TWO NEW EDITIONS OF LAMB.

**T**HE *Athenaeum* contains a singularly careful and scholarly review of the two new editions of Lamb, those of Mr. Lucas and Mr. Macdonald. While high praise is given to both editors, the reviewer is able to point out some considerable slips in Mr. Lucas's work. In particular it is pointed out that among the pieces reprinted as Lamb's are "A True Story," by Leigh Hunt, and "Samuel Johnson the Whig," which will be found in Coleridge's "Table Talk." The letter on "Shakespeare's characters" is, in fact, No. 38 of the "Round Table" Series by William Hazlitt. The reviewer discusses the much-vaed question of Canon Ainger's editorial deserts. He complains of Canon Ainger's "timid eclecticism, his tiresomely pedantic disposition—it cannot be called arrangement—of the prose matter, his too frequent textual lapses, and his silence on numberless occasions where the reader had a right to be enlightened." The fundamental and fatal defect of Canon Ainger's edition is that it is "in principle and in scope selective." "Our self-respect rebels against an assumption of authority which is altogether opposed to our modern way of thinking. We desiderate no fatherly hand to direct and control our literary divagations. On Charles Lamb's behalf, no less than on our own, we deprecate this careful picking and choosing." Mr. Macdonald's memoir is warmly praised: "No finer or more fitting tribute, in our opinion, has ever been paid to the genius and humanity of Charles Lamb." One can hardly be wrong in attributing this masterly article to Mr. T. Hutchinson, from whom it may be hoped we are to have a really final edition of Coleridge's prose works.

Metamorphosing operations have been going on in Scarborough of late. For months past a section of the foreshore has been in the builders' hands. Under the eyes of Messrs. Charles Imre Kiralfy and Albert E. Kiralfy, the well-known universal providers of good entertainment, the old "Empire" has been reconstructed and made into a new "Olympia," and there has risen, as it were, out of the cliff-gardens adjoining a "New Arcadia."

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**A FEW REMARKS** — — — — — SIMEON FORD. 3/6

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE visit of their Majesties to Ireland is proving quite as successful and as brilliant, from every point of view, as was our late beloved Sovereign's last sojourn in the Emerald Isle. Mount Stewart, Lord and Lady Londonderry's beautiful Irish seat, has often entertained Royal visitors, but this is the first time in its history that a King and Queen have enjoyed its hospitality. At one moment it was feared that Lady Castlereagh's serious

illness would make it impossible for Lord and Lady Londonderry to act as their Majesties' host and hostess, but, fortunately, she was pronounced out of danger some days before the historic visit to Mount Stewart took place. Since her arrival in Ireland the Queen has shown the deepest and most sincere interest in every form of Irish industry, and it was by her special wish that an address of welcome was prepared by the Shamrock League, of which Her Majesty has been a kind patron from the first.

*The King and the Vatican.* Our Sovereign's message to the mourning Cardinals assembled at the Vatican last week will be deeply appreciated by His Majesty's Irish subjects. There is something pathetic in the thought that the dying Pontiff himself insisted on adding his signature to the answer despatched to the King of England's inquiries, for this was probably

one of the last times, if not the very last, when Leo XIII. signed his name. As Prince of Wales, Edward VII. was on terms of personal friendship with Cardinal Manning, for the King holds broad views on religious questions.

*A Political Claude Duval.* Mr. George Wyndham was described in the House of Commons by Mr. Lambert as a charming highwayman who had robbed the British tax-payer very nicely. His critic applied to the Chief Secretary the epitaph on Duval in Covent Garden Church: "Here lies Duval. Reader, if male thou art, look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart." Mr. Wyndham won the hearts even of some men at St. Stephen's. The Nationalists praised him, at the last stage of the Land Bill, as they have never praised any other British statesman in modern times except Mr. Gladstone. Even Mr. William O'Brien, who was supposed to detest all Chief Secretaries, added a gracious compliment. Mr. Wyndham made many concessions to the Irish, and added to their value by his tact and sympathy. By a timely stroke of fortune, the Land Bill passed its final stage in the House of Commons on the day that the King and Queen entered Dublin. Thus they carried a splendid gift with them, for there is scarcely any fear that the Lords will spoil it when they examine it next month. Mr. John Redmond threw out a hint that still further powers and further sums of money would be demanded in the future, but, meantime, the Nationalists are content.

*Army in South Africa.*

The Government have decided to keep 25,000 men permanently in South Africa. Their idea is that they would thus provide an easily available reserve force for India in the event of an emergency there, and it is proposed to throw part of the extra cost on the Indian Exchequer. Authority has been obtained by the War Office to spend two and a-quarter millions on "hutments" for the South African troops.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO DUBLIN (JULY 21): THEIR MAJESTIES PASSING THROUGH BALLS BRIDGE.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

*Lady Cecely Baillie-Hamilton.* The great Scottish world is far more clannish than either Irish or English Society, and in that world the Earls of Haddington and their descendants have always played a very great part. The present head of the Baillie-Hamilton family has three charming daughters—Lady Ruth, Lady Grisell, and Lady Cecely—and few Scotch beauties of high degree are more blessed in their country homes, Lord Haddington having no fewer than five country seats, of which four are situated north of the Tweed, and one, Mellerstain, is the Scotch home of Lord and Lady Binning.

*A Naturalised Englishman.* M. Alphonse Legros is one of the many distinguished Frenchmen who have made England not only their home, but, in a very real sense, their country. Few artists have had a more curious and interesting life than this veteran painter, who, born in the year of Queen Victoria's accession, actually began life when little more than a child as a house-painter, gradually fighting his way up by dint of his unparalleled natural gifts till he became known as one of the most remarkable of younger French painters. Following a happy inspiration, he settled in England just forty years ago, his genius being at once recognised by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Mr. G. F. Watts, and the whole of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. To him the English art-world owes in a measure the revival of etching. M. Legros married an English lady, and his connection with his adopted country became even closer in due course by his succeeding Sir Edward Poynter as Slade Professor of Art at University College. Few living artists have obtained more ready recognition from their fellows than this remarkable-looking old Frenchman. His fine works are scattered throughout the galleries of his native land; his "Stoning of St. Stephen" is now at the Luxembourg in Paris, while he is as popular in England as he is in France.

France has long been regarded as the modern Athens, never with more justice than in regard to art. Any of the great Greek sculptors might have been proud to hail a brother in M. Rodin, whose work, so well known in his own country, was comparatively unknown in England till last year, when he came, was seen, and conquered. M. Rodin was born of humble Parisian work-peopple, but a happy chance caused his parents to apprentice him to a stone-mason and worker in marble. This gave him his opportunity. Even in those days—that is, during the Third Empire—every chance was given in France to budding artistic genius. The youthful Rodin's talent was soon recognised to be of remarkable quality. When only twenty-four he exhibited his amazing "L'Homme au Nez Cassé," and he might truly claim to be the Victor Hugo of sculpture, so original and grandiose are his dreams in marble. As most people are aware, the great work of M. Rodin's life, and that which has aroused the most discussion, was his statue, if thus it can be called, of Balzac. In this work the artist tried to translate the great force and creative power of the famous French novelist, and though in one sense he may be said to have failed, for the work was rejected with indignation by those who had commissioned M. Rodin to undertake it, there are many, on the other hand, who regard Rodin's "Balzac" as a

work of almost superhuman genius. More, perhaps, within most people's comprehension is his noble and touching presentation of the "Citizens of Calais," his pathetic human group, "A Brother and Sister," and his delightfully elusive "Spring."

*Farmer and Novelist.*

Mr. Rider Haggard has not only farmed his Ditchingham estate in Norfolk for a good many years past, but he has also travelled through England investigating the condition of the rural population, so that he is likely enough to come out as a strong supporter of Mr. Chamberlain's preferential-tariffs proposals. He has a vivid recollection of a certain contest in Radical Norfolk in which his feelings, if not his person, were a good deal hurt. At the same time, he is an excellent speaker, and his tall, wiry frame and earnest countenance would be useful to him if he goes on with Parliamentary ambitions. He still finds time to write novels, his last having been "Pearl Maiden," published

this year. It is almost exactly twenty-six years since Mr. Haggard hoisted the British flag over the South African Republic. He is a man of many brothers; one of these, the British Minister at Caracas, came to the front in the Venezuela business recently, while two others, both of whom are soldiers, have written novels and books of travel.

Mr. Choate, who represents in this country what has been called the greater half of the Anglo-Saxon world, is certainly the most popular member of the distinguished group whose duty, according to an old cynic, is "to lie abroad for their country's good." He is the only diplomatist who has ever received the King and Queen to dinner under his own roof, and on that occasion their Majesties met a curiously typical Anglo-American group of fellow-guests, including the great Mr. Pierpont Morgan himself. Mr. Choate is ably aided in his duties by the singularly charming and refined-looking woman to whom he paid the prettiest compliment that ever husband paid a wife, when he declared that, were he not himself, he would prefer to be, "of course," Mrs. Choate's second husband! To be American Ambassador in London is considered in Transatlantic Diplomatic circles as the Blue Ribbon of Diplomacy, and it may well be doubted if the United States will ever again make a happier or more suitable choice than that of the witty and cultivated gentleman who now fills the unique position.

*The Khedive and the Engines.*

The other day a good deal of amusement was caused by the announcement that the Khedive, when travelling in France, drove the engine himself, and arrived at his destination all covered with dust and grime. But, if the Khedive had not been the Ruler of Egypt, he would have been an engineer by choice. When he travels on the little private line which runs from his palace in Alexandria to his country seat at Montaza he frequently drives the engine, and when he goes on board his yacht, the *Mahroussa*, he always has an eye on the engine-room, although he does not run the engines himself. While it seems queer for the Pharaoh of to-day to have a taste for engineering, it must be remembered that the Khedive is, on his father's side, not an Egyptian but an Albanian.



LADY CECELY BAILLIE-HAMILTON, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.

Photograph by Caswall Smith.

*The "Knight of Kerry."*

There is a curiously old-world sound in the title "Knight of Kerry," of which Sir Maurice Fitzgerald is the proud possessor. This title has been considered prescriptive from early times, for the founder of the family, John FitzThomas Fitzgerald, Lord of Decies and Desmond,



LADY MAURICE FITZGERALD.



SIR MAURICE FITZGERALD.

WHO WILL ENTERTAIN THEIR MAJESTIES ON FRIDAY NEXT.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.*

created three of his sons hereditary knights, under the styles the "White Knight," the "Knight of Glin," and the "Knight of Kerry." Sir Maurice is the second Baronet of Valencia and twentieth Knight, and was at one time an officer in the Rifle Brigade. He served with great distinction in the Ashanti War of 1873-4, and succeeded his father in the Baronetcy six years later. He is an Equerry to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and is very popular in the Royal circle. Lady Fitzgerald, to whom he was married some eleven years ago, is a daughter of Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim. Sir Maurice has a town house, a place at Newmarket, and two delightful Irish seats. "Glanleam," where he will entertain King Edward and Queen Alexandra on Friday, is beautifully situated on Valencia Island, County Kerry.

*Premier Baron of England.* Elaborate preparations had been made at Portaferry and Strangford on Saturday to welcome the King and Queen on the occasion of their visit to Lord and Lady de Ros at Old Court. The King never forgets an old friend, and Lord de Ros, who entered the 1st Life Guards in the 'forties and commanded the regiment in 1861, has a special claim to His Majesty's regard, for he was Equerry to the Prince Consort from 1853 till His Royal Highness's death. He was afterwards Equerry to Queen Victoria, and for three periods a Lord-in-Waiting to Her late Majesty. Lady de Ros, who was married to his Lordship some seven years ago, is his second wife, and a daughter of the Rev. Sir William V. R. Mahon, fourth Baronet. Lord de Ros is the twenty-fourth Baron of his line and Premier Baron of England on the Roll, though by some it is maintained that Lord Mowbray should of right occupy this proud position.

*For Languorous Londoners:* Battersea Park. Hitherto the pleasure-grounds illustrated have been two which come under the head of "Royal Gardens and Parks" and that of the Botanic Society. Battersea Park, however, is controlled by the London County Council and is in a special sense a people's park. It came into existence long before most of the now numerous open spaces provided for the use and recreation of the workers, and, of all the parks, it stands out prominently because of its peculiar position. On one side it has a long frontage to the Thames, at a point where the river, throwing off the dingy warehouses, foundries, and wharves of its lower reaches, begins to take to itself a more rural aspect; on the other, it borders a region which is, perhaps, one of the most sordid and depressing in all London. Battersea Park, too, in its two hundred and fifty acres contains several beautiful oases. Of these the Sub-tropical Garden is the most noteworthy. Here, a mere stone's-throw from the busy streets, may be found a luxuriance of vegetation and a peaceful quietude not surpassed in any park in the kingdom. Within comparatively recent times the well-kept roads of Battersea Park were the favourite resort of those Society cyclists who found Hyde Park too full of traffic to be either convenient or pleasant. Now, however, with the advent of the motor-car,

Society has deserted Battersea. In addition to its lovely flowers, its exquisite carpet-bedding, and the wide stretches of well-kept turf where South London cricketers enjoy their favourite pastime, Battersea Park is fortunate in being one of the few public pleasure-grounds possessing an ornamental lake large enough to allow of boating.

This, with its island and surrounding trees, is one of the prettiest features of the scene.

A "jaded journalist," who is not too jaded, apparently, to write neat verses, sends me the following lines from his cliff-top—

Tired and troubled, I have trekkèd  
To this haven of the blest,  
Where the Tariffs cease from troubling  
And the "raggers" are at rest;  
Where the breeze blows in the bracken:  
Niggers, trippers—all *non est*.  
I can hear the curlew calling,  
See the breaker hurl its crest,  
And the sunny spray comes drifting  
From the cliff's unyielding breast.  
Far remote are cares and cables,  
Artful Joseph's fiscal hest—  
I don't care a fig or button  
If our Arthur is depressed.  
Botha's letter is a cypher,  
"Gravest issues" are a jest;  
Everything save dreamy fancy  
(And my Nancy) is a pest.

*Mr. Chamberlain's Ducal Sub.* The young Duke of Marlborough, who succeeds Lord

Onslow as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, may be said to be now entering real political life for the first time.

There seems no reason why he should not become, in due course, a really distinguished statesman, for he is a nephew of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and among his forbears have been many keen and able politicians. The Duke will have the interesting task of representing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the House of Lords, and his first speech in his new rôle will be awaited with some eagerness. Should the head of the Churchill family take his political duties seriously, Blenheim may become the scene of some wonderful house-parties of the type so dear to the late Lord Beaconsfield, who was all through his life a great believer in the social side of statecraft.



LADY DE ROS.



LORD DE ROS.

WHO ENTERTAINED THEIR MAJESTIES AT OLD COURT LAST SATURDAY.

*Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.*

*Motor-car Bill.* The House of Lords spent two evenings in Committee on the Motor-car Bill. Peers have taken great interest in it, and have been considerably divided in opinion as to the amount of restriction necessary. The Government have successfully resisted proposals to lay down any standard for the cars to be permitted on the roads, and have refused to require any test of efficiency in the case of an applicant for a licence. All drivers, however, whether amateur or professional, must be licensed, and it is provided that in certain places to be defined by the Local Government Board the speed shall not exceed ten miles an hour. Elsewhere there will be no limit, the responsibility being thrown on the driver, who will incur a penalty if he drives recklessly.

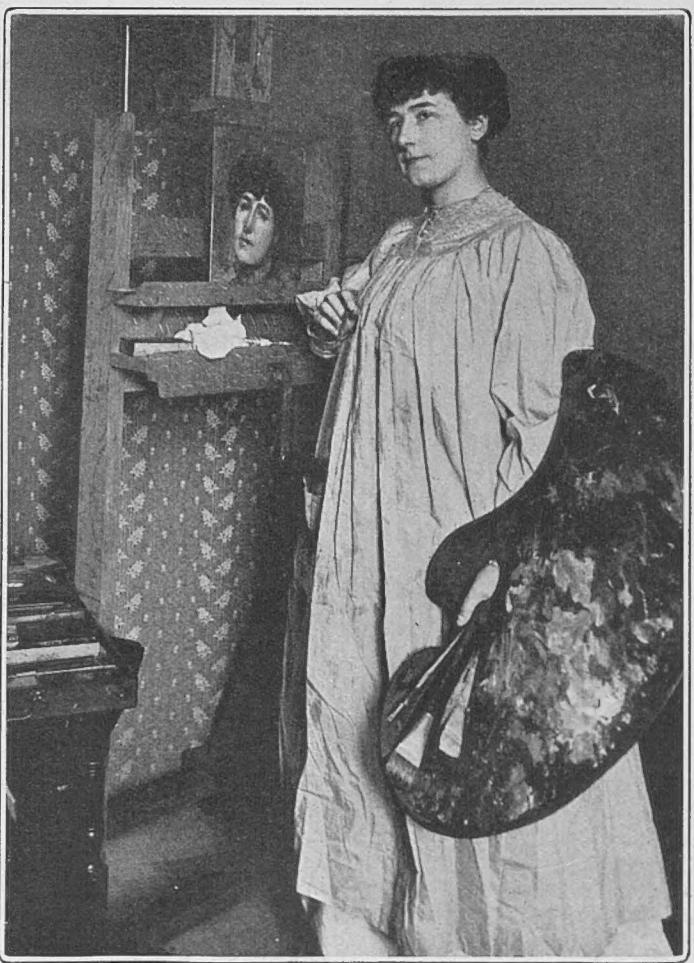
*The Aldershot Matinée.*

Miss Gertrude Kingston is well known to London playgoers both as a talented actress and a clever writer of children's books and short stories. She made her first appearance at the Haymarket fifteen years ago, and since then has played innumerable parts, one of her best impersonations, perhaps, being that of the wicked Mrs. Malpas, in "The Princess's Nose," at the Duke of York's a year or so ago. In aid of the Union Jack Club, Miss Kingston organised a matinée at the Aldershot Theatre Royal on Thursday last, when Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. A. E. Matthews, and Miss Hazel Thompson appeared in a scene from "The Clandestine Marriage," Messrs. Williams and Walker danced "The Real Cake-walk," Miss Edna May, Miss Decima Moore, and Mr. Gervase Elwes sang, and Mr. Lewis Waller recited. Other items were the appearance of Miss Beryl Faber and Captain H. H. S. Baird in "Jerry and a Sunbeam," Miss Rosina Filippi's monologue (written by herself), entitled "Pot-au-Feu," and Mrs. Aria's dialogue, "The Runaways," in which Miss Kingston and Mr. Grahame Brown took part. In earlier life Miss Kingston studied painting in Paris and Berlin, under Carolus Duran and other great masters. She is herself a soldier's widow, her husband having been an officer of the famous "Black Watch."

*Emperor in Norway.*

The German Emperor has remained in Norwegian waters longer than usual (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It is his tenth annual voyage to those regions, consequently it has been invested with something more than the customary degree of festivity. Those who are the privileged guests of His Majesty on board the *Hohenzollern* have been able to convince themselves that he is, in spirit, as youthful on occasion as he was ten years ago. When the Imperial party arrived in Norway, His Majesty determined to visit the villa of a family named Eriksen, whose acquaintance he made on one of his previous voyages. Finding the bridge leading into the private grounds of the Eriksens closed, the Emperor made his way over a number of boats, jumping from one to the other, until he arrived at his destination. Naturally, the family were delighted to receive their Imperial visitor. The Emperor begged them to speak their native tongue, but slowly and distinctly. They did so, and His Majesty was able to follow the conversation. In the course of it, his attention was caught by a portrait of himself which he had presented to the family some years ago. After observing it carefully for a moment, the Emperor laughingly observed that the frame was the most valuable part of the picture. Madame Eriksen naturally denied the insinuation. At this moment the three-year-old son of the family claimed His Majesty's admiration. The Emperor took the boy on his lap and asked him what he would like to be when he grew up. "Emperor," was the prompt reply. "And in what country?" inquired the Emperor. "In Germany," responded the youngster. "Well," observed the Emperor, "that may be possible when the Emperor is a-yachting."

*Rome During the Illness of Pope Leo.* The lengthy illness of Pope Leo XIII. gave Rome a complexion very different from that generally observable during the last days of July (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The streets, instead of being empty and lifeless, were for weeks exceptionally full of carriages, foreigners, police, and newspaper vendors. Especially is this true of that part of



THE STAGE AND DOMESTICITY: MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON IN HER STUDIO.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

the city near the Vatican. Thrice a day, and sometimes oftener, numbers of Cardinals' carriages—dismal black barouches drawn by pairs of funereal-looking steeds and driven by coachmen in black accompanied by footmen garbed in the same dismal colour—drove through the town to the entrance of the Vatican Court in the Piazza di San Pietro. Within sat the Cardinals reading their breviaries or telling their beads or perusing the last number of the *Voce della Verità*. Cabs full of priests and monks and seminarists travelled constantly along the same line of route and bent on the same errand. Laymen and visitors, in cabs or on cycles or on foot, repaired to the same place, bringing back in their hands the latest printed bulletins from the office in the Vatican. Every two or three hours the inhabitants of the (at this time of year) usually peaceful, sleepy town were awakened from their arm-chairs or their sofas by discordant cries of sellers of extra editions. Special Correspondents from every part of the world stood about in the cafés and at the telegraph-office, affording splendid game for the native Italian caricaturist; some sat up all night for over a fortnight, awaiting each night the news of the final release from his suffering of the aged and revered Pope. Many of the hotels which generally close entirely for the summer found it even worth their while to remain open, in order to draw still further profit from the unexpected influx of foreigners.



THE STAGE AND DOMESTICITY: MISS MARIÉ DANTON AND HER MOTHER.  
Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

*An Ancient Diligence.* Buffalo Bill's Deadwood Coach is a mere infant by the side of an ancient diligence which has been unearthed in France for the Adam fêtes at Longjumeau. This venerable machine actually dates from 1766, and is painted light yellow, but the lettering, which used to show the places to which it travelled, is no longer legible. In the coupé it can carry four passengers, and six inside, while the imperial and the rotunda can, between them, accommodate sixteen people. The old diligence belongs to an antiquary named Broquin. During the fêtes it was able to run from the Place du Théâtre-Français to the village of Longjumeau.

Mr. Frank Boyd's sprightly little *Pelican* has nothing in common with its rather silly and pompous namesake. The *Pelican's* latest popular competition—"Who is the Smartest Lady of the Season?"—has just come to an end, Miss Phœbe Carlo being the winner of the first prize, a handsome brooch worth two hundred guineas; Mrs. George Edwardes taking the second award, a pretty little cart; while Miss Ruth Mackay comes third and wins a lady's bicycle. Miss Phœbe Carlo (now Mrs. S. Juta, of Curzon Street, Mayfair) was at one time a famous child-actress, and many playgoers will recollect her as the creator of Alice in the late Saville Clarke's stage-version of "Alice in Wonderland," originally produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre (then called the Prince's) by the late Mr. Edgar Bruce.

West Dean Park is the scene this week of a very brilliant gathering; in fact, Mr. and Mrs. Willie James find themselves in the rather curious position of being the principal host and hostess of the race-week, and alone among the great houses of the neighbourhood West Dean Park will entertain Royal visitors, in the shape of the Grand Duke Michael and of the Countess Torby. The beautiful place where the King lately made a week-end visit has long been famed for its hospitalities, and during many years the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have always been included in Mrs. James's Goodwood house-party. On this occasion, in addition to the Russian Imperial Prince and his pretty, accomplished wife, Count Albert Mensdorff, Lord and Lady Wolverton—the latter the hostess's first-cousin—Lord and Lady Cadogan, and Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley will, together with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, compose the house-party. In West Sussex, as, indeed, everywhere else, "the old order changeth," and



MISS CARLO, WINNER OF THE PELICAN "SMARTEST LADY" COMPETITION.

*Photograph by Thiele, Chancery Lane.*

West Dean Park has in many ways quite taken the place formerly held by Goodwood House in this most delightful portion of the kingdom. Goodwood is shorn of some of its usual glory owing to the fact that their Majesties have not been able to be present.

Dartmoor Prison, which the Prince of Wales visited last week, was originally built for the prisoners-of-war taken in the course of the long struggle with Napoleon a century ago. Curious mementoes of these French prisoners are still to be found in Devonshire, in the shape of carvings which they cut out of the bones of the meat served to them and were allowed to sell to the people round about. After the war was over, the prison was turned into a factory; but the business was not satisfactory, and in the 'fifties the place once more became a prison, this time for English convicts, and so it has remained ever since.

The American apostle of temperance, Mrs. Carrie Nation, who with her little axe has smashed up many a saloon-bar, was the victim of a practical joke a few weeks ago. She was travelling in Pennsylvania on one of her temperance campaigns, and, as she left a place called Macklesport, someone covered the huge trunks which accompany her on her travels with flaming advertisements of a well-known brand of whisky. When she arrived at her destination the incongruous appearance of her luggage caused a great deal of amusement, and so strong was the glue with which the placards were fastened on that it took Mrs. Nation's unfortunate secretary more than an hour to scrape them off with the aid of hot water and a knife.

Mr. S. W. Partridge, probably the oldest of the London publishers, died lately in his ninety-third year. He retired from business in 1882, and spent a serene old age.



FRONT VIEW OF WEST DEAN PARK, WHERE MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES ARE ENTERTAINING A BRILLIANT GOODWOOD HOUSE-PARTY.

*Photograph by Russell and Sons, Chichester.*

## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

**PARIS.** Paris is charming in the dead summer season, and, with the one exception, perhaps, of Stockholm, the Paris of the North, it is the most charming town in Europe in which to spend the summer, for the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs-Elysées are shady and delightful, and although everyone is "out of town," people pass and repass Paris on their way from one place to another; and now, when you meet friends upon the boulevards, you have the time to talk to them. One well-known Parisienne, perhaps one of the best-known to all English visitors to Paris, although she is not "in Society," remains upon the boulevards throughout the summer months, and, as it is her fête-day this week, I have secured her picture for the readers of *The Sketch*. Madame Duperron is a tiny old lady of seventy-five, who has sold Englishmen their newspapers upon the Boulevard des Capucines from eight in the morning till half-past twelve at night for the last six-and-thirty years. Her hair is silvery white and she is bent quite double, but, thanks to a careful and a

knowing the work to be unworthy of his later reputation, has repurchased it from M. Marot, the manager of the Théâtre Cluny. M. Rostand, like all successful men, has suffered from the pamphleteer during the last few days, and a small book of thirty-four pages of abuse, called "Un Bluff Littéraire," has been issued by Jehan Rictus, the self-styled "Poet of the Working-man." Rictus himself has earned some celebrity for clever if untranslatable verse, which he recites in the Montmartre cabarets and much of which is published in book form, but he has missed "une belle occasion de se taire" this time, for his abuse of Edmond Rostand cannot detract from the young Academician's genius nor add to the reputation of its author.

**ROME.** What exactly is a Conclave? This is a question which many visitors and foreigners have been heard to ask of their friends resident in Rome during the last few weeks. It is easy enough to say that a Conclave is an assembly of

Cardinals who meet together to elect their new Pope. This, however, is not enough. The eager inquirers go on to ask for further details. Where do they meet? How long do they discuss matters each day? How many days does a Conclave last? And so on. I may here give a few details which will answer some of the inquiries so often put by the public in general. There is no place fixed by unchangeable statute for the holding of the Conclave. It depends upon many concatenations of events as to which place is chosen. As a rule, however, it can be safely answered, "In the Vatican buildings." No special term of days is imposed wherein the Cardinals shall elect their future head. It depends entirely upon themselves; it is, in a way, like the sitting of a Jury. If they agree at once upon whom to choose, the sitting will be of but short duration; if not, the sitting will have to continue until two-thirds of the Cardinals assembled agree upon the same individual.

Each Cardinal has his own special apartment assigned to him, and during the Conclave he must speak to no one except his fellow Cardinals and the attendants who are assigned to wait upon each Cardinal. The greatest care is taken to prevent the infiltration from the outside world of any influence or news or suggestion whatever. The food for the body of Cardinals is supplied twice or thrice daily from the Vatican kitchens, and the dishes are examined before entering by a body of Pontifical authorities;

the dishes are thus scrutinised not for the purpose of seeing that the food supplied is of good quality, but in order to observe whether, perhaps, some note or letter is not hidden within the said dishes. For the better and easier examination, all the food is carried up in uncovered glass receptacles. It is absolutely and entirely impossible for anyone, even in Rome, to say nothing of other cities or lands, to make even the slightest possible prognostication regarding the individuality of the future Pope. This does not prevent people in London and other capitals and towns from saying, for instance, "Well, in my opinion, So-and-So will be the next Pope." They may prophesy to their hearts' content, but it is all in vain. No one, not even a Cardinal himself, can foretell with the slightest shadow of accuracy who Leo XIII.'s successor or any other Pope's successor will be. The reason is very evident. It is most strictly forbidden by the Roman Catholic Church to any Cardinal to discuss, even informally, with any other Cardinal the question of the succession. So severe are the penalties attached to the transgression of this rule that no Cardinal would risk discussion with a fellow Cardinal for fear of being "reported to headquarters," so to speak, and being thus prevented from himself having any voice at the Conclave. Now, if the Cardinals themselves cannot discuss matters preparatory to the Conclave, it is evident that all discussion of possibilities and probabilities by Monsignori and Prelates is absolutely and entirely futile.

Mr. Ozanne (*Daily Telegraph*).Mr. Cozens Hardy (*Morning Leader*).Mr. Raphael (*Sketch*).Mr. Lavino (*Times*).Mr. Farman (*Standard*).

THE VETERAN NEWSVENDOR (MADAME DUPERRON) AND ENGLISH CORRESPONDENTS IN PARIS.

sparing diet (she lives exclusively on bread, milk, rice, chocolate, and biscuits, and now and then a dish of vegetables), her cheeks are brightly ruddy as a winter apple, her health and her vitality are wonderful, and her conversation has a never-ending charm for all who know her. Madame Duperron is an Englishwoman who lost her French husband as long ago as 1866. In 1867 she was given a newspaper-stall on the Boulevard Sébastopol, and two years later she exchanged it for the one she still occupies opposite "Old England," at the corner of the Rue Scribe, and where, when the English papers come in each afternoon at half-past five, there is always a gathering of well-known foreigners, for Madame Duperron speaks Russian and German as well as French and English, and is extremely popular. She is witty, too, and full of anecdote about her friends, among whom she numbers many distinguished men in the Press world. Among those round her on the picture may be noticed Mr. Lavino, De Blowitz's successor as the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Farman, of the *Standard*, both of whom have known Madame Duperron for over thirty years, and Mr. H. Cozens Hardy, of the *Morning Leader*. This little corner of the boulevards has long been an informal Club of which Madame Duperron is the Honorary President.

It has been finally decided that Edmond Rostand's play, "Le Gant Rouge," will not be given at the Cluny Theatre, for M. Rostand,

## “GLITTERING GLORIA” AND HER ADMIRERS:

THREE SCENES FROM THE NEW FARCE AT WYNDHAM'S.

Gloria Grant (Miss Dorothy Drake).

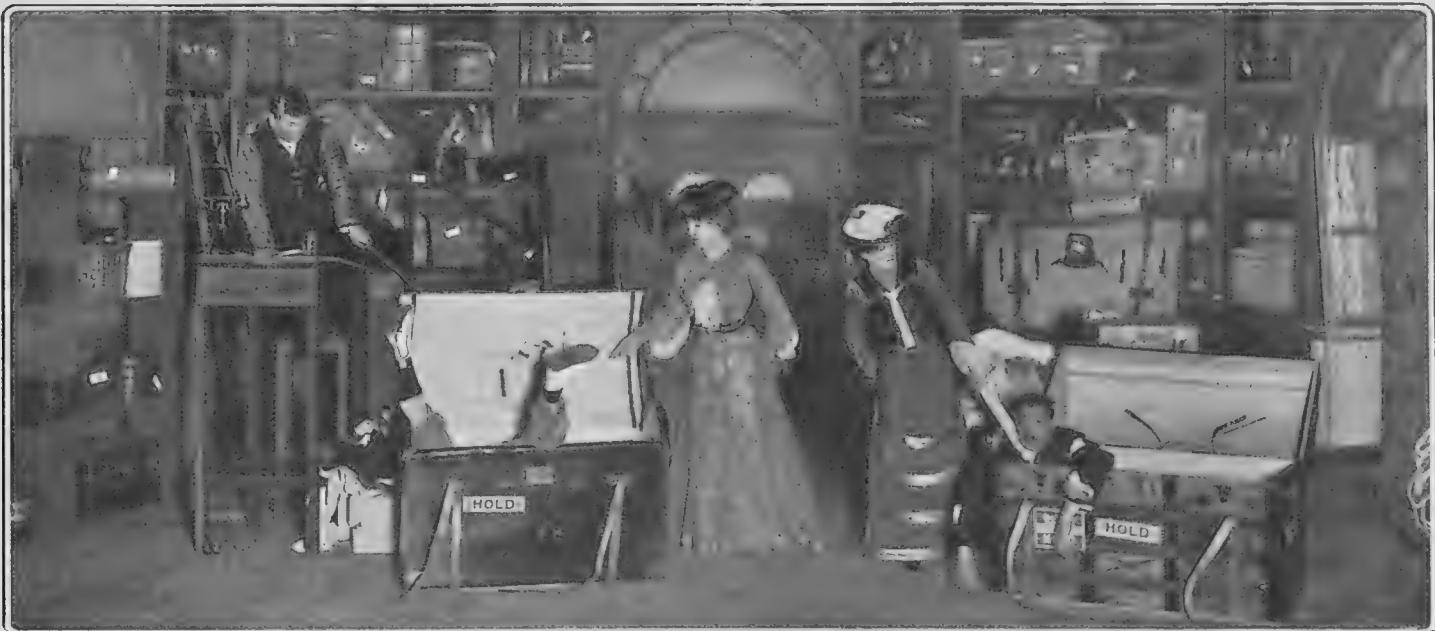
Mrs. Jack James (Miss Dora Barton). Dorothy Kenworthy (Miss Audrey Ford).

Zebedee Poskett  
(Mr. James Welch).Col. Pasquale Gallaher  
(Mr. John C. Dixon).Algernon Entwhistle  
(Mr. Granville Barker).Jack James  
(Mr. Stuart Champion).Archie Toddleby  
(Mr. Lawrence Grossmith).

*Act I.—Interior of a jeweller's shop in Bond Street. Four of Gloria's admirers come to the shop to buy her a present. The fifth, Mr. Algernon Entwhistle, offers the lady a priceless jewel—his heart.*



*In the meantime, a dispute arises between two of the other suitors. Mr. Poskett seizes the opportunity to make an appointment with Gloria for lunch.*



Mr. Griddleton (Mr. Lennox Pawle). Archie Toddleby (Mr. Lawrence Grossmith).

Jack James (Mr. Stuart Champion).

*Act III.—A luggage-office at Euston Station. Two of Gloria's friends, who have been accidentally packed up, are discovered and rescued by their wives.*

## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"GLITTERING GLORIA" AND DOG ACTORS.

AFTER seeing a new play, a critic is apt to ask himself how or why it came to be written. Of course, we all know why people write plays—that is not the question; but why did Mr. Hugh Morton write "Glittering Gloria"? What was in his mind as a foundation idea? Did he consider that he had a new story to tell—"new and original" appears on the programme—a new situation to exploit, a new character to exhibit, or was the earnest bulldog the head and front of his—farce? We know that the bulldog has enjoyed a great triumph: he had the lion's share of the applause—a good deal for a dog—and he has received enthusiastic notices. Indeed, the notices, I think, have been somewhat uncritically gushing. We critics are apt to get out of bounds concerning new performers: *Omne novum pro magnifico* is our maxim, and it takes us years to discover that the overpraised performer is very much like the others. I suspect that the earnest bulldog pleased us more by his novelty than his actual histrionic power. If we were to see him again, we should laugh less; we might complain of a lack of versatility, of an inability to differentiate characters. We should say he was interesting by virtue of temperament and not conscious artistic achievement. Perhaps I am unfair, for I saw him on the second night—generally the worst of a run; he may have been suffering from reaction after the excitement of the *première*: even a bulldog may have nerves. Still, there seemed to me some lack of instinct for the stage such as Binkie displayed in "The Light that Failed." Binkie obviously is a born actor; the way he took the stage and faced the footlights, and even, I fancy, counted the house, proved this. In fact, Binkie's feeling for his profession is exceedingly keen, and thereby hangs a tale. For, appreciating thoroughly the exact relation between actors and critics, no sooner had he met my dog (a poor little Ibsenite named Mopsemann) than he went for him tooth and nail—perhaps I am wrong about the nail—and for a few minutes the dogs were inseparable—foes, despite the earnest efforts of Mr. Aubrey Smith, the owner of Binkie, to divorce them; and now my little composite dog—for he recognises no specific race—has a big scar on his back, a place honourable in a dog if not in a human being. I doubt whether the earnest bulldog would have grasped the situation and dog as promptly as Binkie did, but do not intend to give him the chance, since bulldogs are too patiently persistent. Was it the idea of using the bulldog that tempted Mr. Morton?—who must not be confused with Mr. "San Toy" Morton or Mr. "Resurrection" Morton, but is the Morton of "The Belle of New York." He had a heavy task to work his play up or down to the dog, for, in order to utilise him, he was compelled to cause three men to appear in one Act with shrieking red neckties, such as two, at least, of them would not have worn under less pressure than the loss of a bet in a Presidential campaign. One dog, however, cannot make a play—except, perhaps, in the case of "The Dog of Montargis," or was it "The Forest of Bondy"?—and, putting him aside, "Glittering Gloria" did not glitter much, though there was more of glitter than sterling metal in its quality.

There are several classes of farce, and the man unable to laugh heartily at a good specimen of each class should hardly pose as a critic. Of course, these classes are not all on the same level. A Pinero farce obviously ought not to be compared with the more or less mechanical farces of intrigue—and, leaving out of the question a kind of masterpiece like "Divorçons," Palais-Royal plays are on a lower level than some of the German farces where there are clever character caricatures—or Mr. Carton's ingenious and witty farces, or Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Walker, London"—rather a mixture in style—or "Gudgeons," whose undernote of pathos prevented it from getting due recognition. It may not, however, be pretended that the finer classes of farce are the most successful, otherwise one could ascribe the inexplicable vogue of "Charley's Aunt" to pure merit. Mr. Hugh Morton's piece belongs to the musical-comedy libretto type. The part played by Mr. Granville Barker, of a species of idiotic poet who has really nothing to do with the plot, reminds one inevitably of the Polite Lunatic in "The Belle of New York," and the utter lack of plausibility suggests the reckless defiance of the laws of life supposed to be acceptable when accompanied by music. There is a kind of cleverness in the piece, a sort of Pelion on Ossa cleverness, a sort of multiplication-table cleverness.

People laugh at Falstaff and the buck-basket. Mr. Morton improves on this: he presents three men struggling to get into one travelling-trunk in order to hide, and the audience seemed to think it the funniest matter in the play; and afterwards we had two men carried

out in trunks, instead of one man in a basket. Perhaps the story was really Mr. Hugh Morton's source of encouragement. A witty man might make a laughable tale out of the affair with the aid of some plausible explanations; but, unfortunately, we had neither the wit nor the plausibility. Authors of farce are somewhat too much inclined to insult the intelligence of an audience, which, however, is rarely resentful. The ingeniously absurd or absurdly ingenious excuse, the obviously sophistical, the flagrantly fallacious, the fantastically illogical may be very entertaining: the plainly insufficient is somewhat vexing. When the sportsman, in an old tale, who bought a hare and put it into his game-bag rather than appear empty-handed, was faced on his return home with the remark that the hare was "high," and promptly answered, "That was why I shot it," one recognises a preposterous smartness that excuses the absurdity which, unfortunately, was not to be discovered in the many lame excuses and explanations given in "Glittering Gloria." Yet the author has written a piece that will appeal to the sense of humour of many playgoers, for a large mass of the population finds richer food for laughter in seeing a man sit down accidentally on his hat than in hearing him say something witty, and the spectacle of three men struggling to get into a trunk will amuse more people than any fine strokes of character-humour.

It is at least agreeable to find that Gloria, despite the Continental suggestion of the name, is chief figure in a clean farce; there are no *double ententes*, no nasty hints, and not even any naughty jokes. No doubt this desirable state of things is arrived at queerly, for the heroine is a chorus-girl of the class described energetically at Pow Street as "one of those who wear sables and a brougham on thirty bob a week, and everyone knows how she does it." We all know too much about Gloria, but there is a kind of conspiracy of silence in the air, on which, indeed, the author trades rather recklessly with his note of sentiment at the end of the piece. Really, Mr. Hugh Morton has been quite clever in his way of handling Gloria without offence; his method, in a way, is similar to that in which one great living actress contrives to give an air of diaphanous purity to the most famous cocotte in fiction. Gloria's part gives quite a good chance to a young actress, Miss Dorothy Drake, who plays it effectively and with tact. Miss Dora Barton and Miss Audrey Ford, as two pretty girls, work admirably together; indeed, the whole cast shows signs of capital stage-management. I should like to see Miss Dora with a severer test, in order to discover more exactly to what extent the brilliant child-actress, who made a "hit" in "The Black Cat," say, seven years ago, has developed. Mr. James Welch's talents were wasted on the part of the foolish, wicked old solicitor: we are getting quite accustomed to see him wasting his talents, though by no means reconciled to this. Here we have an actor with a wonderfully fine sense of character and such remarkable versatility that, whilst the remembrance of a pathetic—perhaps I should say, tragic—part played by him about a decade ago still is energetic in my mind, like all playgoers I have roared with laughter at his farce and his comedy.

Let us be thankful that we have players of his calibre in what may be called the reserve fund, if angry with a system that keeps him there. He is very funny as the naughty old man, particularly when backed up by the bulldog, but the part is not drawn richly. Mr. Granville Barker is another of those who should be better engaged than in trying, not without success, to render comic a glued-on, empty, extravagant piece of folly. The character that appeared to be best-conceived was that of the Texan, and it was almost very well acted by Mr. Dixon, who seems a new-comer; if he had a firmer grip of his dialect, were a trifle clearer in speech, and quicker and cleaner in business, his Colonel Pasquale Gallaher would be a very amusing character. Mr. Stuart Champion and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith were rather diverting as two of Gloria's admirers, though not brisk enough in their rather stale scenes of the invention of flagrant falsehoods. It is only fair to add that the play and the performance seemed quite to the taste of the house, and, even if one cannot congratulate Mr. Hugh Morton on the brilliance of his writing, it is possible to say that apparently he has hit the public taste.

The much-maligned motor is to have its very own melodrama written around it. The writer is Mr. John Lawson, the music-hall melodramatist, who has just "copyrighted" his work. It contains three motors, all working in a realisation of the recent Paris-Madrid race, on what the author calls "The Death-Track."

## THE STAGE AND DOMESTICITY: POPULAR PLAYERS AT HOME.



MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. H. V. ESMOND).



MRS. BROWN-POTTER.

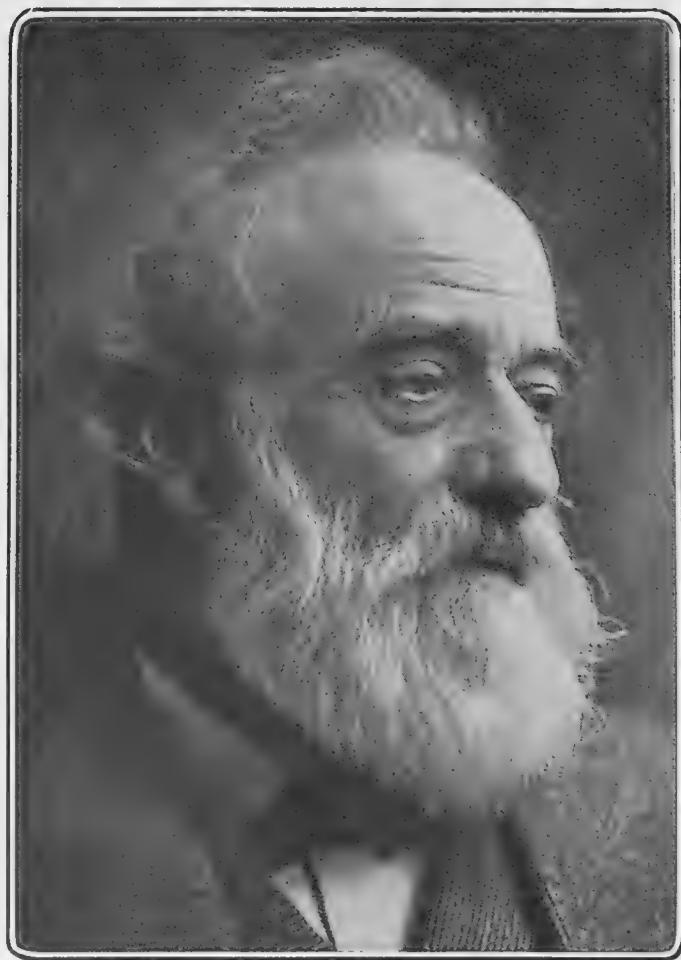


MR. AND MRS. G. P. HUNLEY (MISS EVA KELLY).

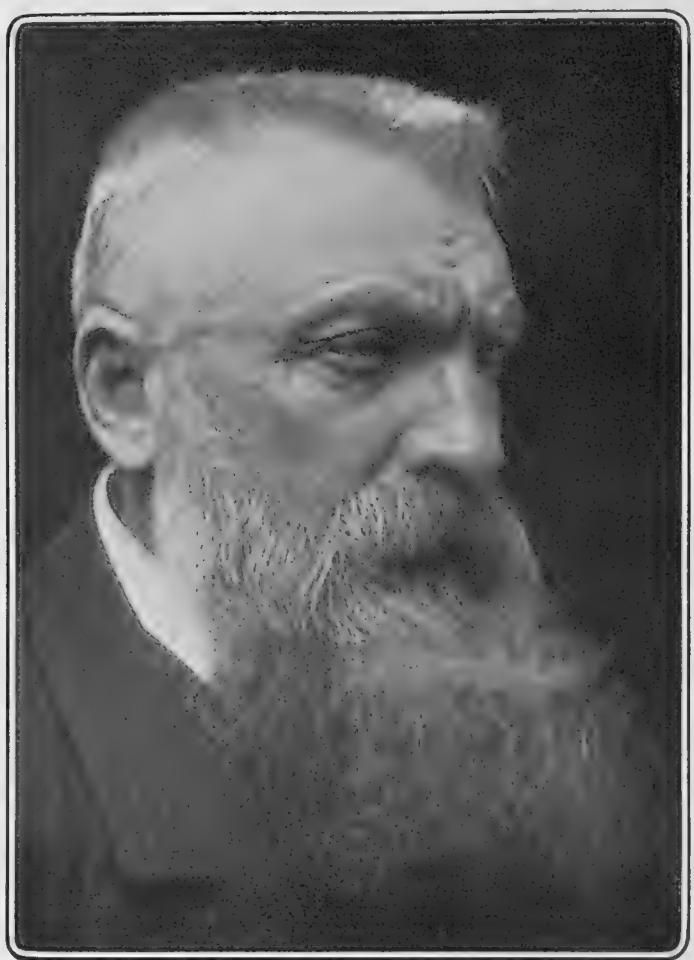
*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

## MEN OF MARK: SOME STRIKING PORTRAIT STUDIES.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")



M. ALPHONSE LEGROS, PAINTER AND SCULPTOR.



M. AUGUSTE RODIN, THE GREAT FRENCH SCULPTOR.



MR. RIDER HAGGARD, FARMER AND NOVELIST.

*Photographs by Beresford.*

MR. CHOATE, STATESMAN AND ORATOR.

## FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS: IV.—BATTERSEA PARK.



THE SUB-TROPICAL GARDEN.



THE LAKE.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")*

## SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI,

## THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

"THE Wizard of Menlo Park" is the title which, as most people are aware, was years ago conferred on Thomas Alva Edison, the great inventor, than whom, it is safe to say, there is no greater admirer of the genius of Mr. Marconi. Indeed, in the early days of wireless cabling across the Atlantic, Edison wrote to the



Signor Marconi.

SIGNOR MARCONI AND HIS STAFF OF ENGINEERS.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*

*New York Herald*: "Since Marconi has stated over his own signature that he has received signals from England, I believe him, and I think he will carry it to a commercial success. It is a great achievement and he is a great experimenter."

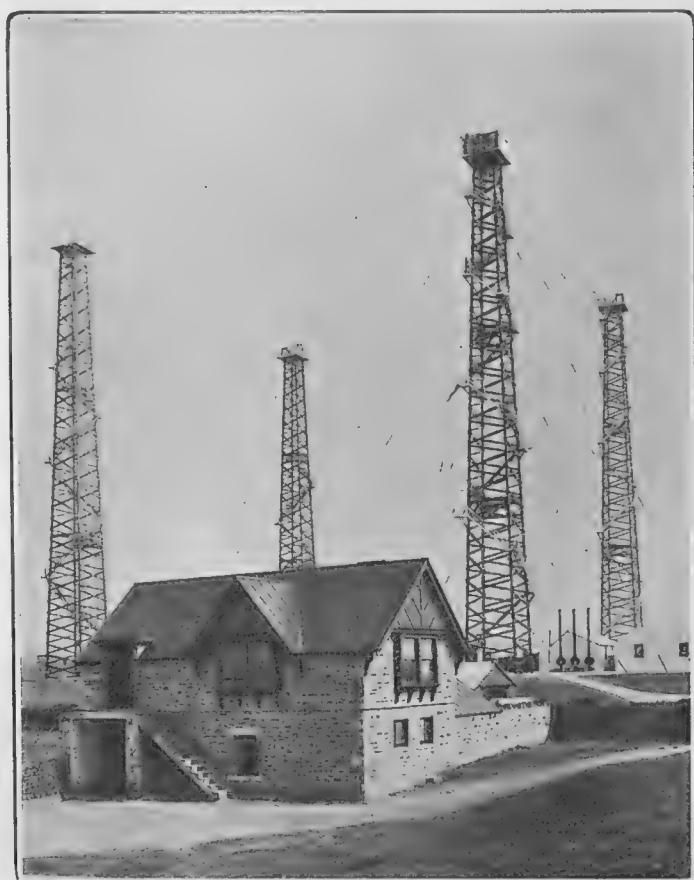
It is a significant if not remarkable fact that wireless telegraphy developed from the most simple beginnings, just as the utilisation of steam depended on a dreamy youth's observation of the rise and fall of the lid of a domestic kettle. It is not yet ten years since Mr. Marconi, a lad barely out of his teens, first began telegraphing without wires in the fields of his father's Italian estate at Bologna. He took poles and on them placed cubes of tinned iron which he called "capacities." These he connected by means of insulated wires with an instrument for transmitting messages and one for receiving them. In November 1896, he wrote to Sir W. H. Preece, then Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office, stating that, when these tin boxes "were placed on the top of a pole two mètres high, signals could be obtained at thirty mètres from the transmitter. With the same cubes on poles four mètres high, signals were obtained at one hundred mètres; and with the same cubes at a height of eight mètres, other conditions being equal, Morse signals were easily obtained at four hundred mètres."

In that year Mr. Marconi came to London and showed further experiments to Sir W. H. Preece. Some, if not quite the earliest, were made on Salisbury Plain, and proved the now well-known fact that neither bricks nor stone, nor rocks nor hills, could deflect the messages or turn them away from their intended path. This fact was demonstrated in the most striking manner a couple of years later, when His Majesty, then, of course, Prince of Wales, met with the accident to his knee, and, when he was able to be moved, was taken on board the Royal Yacht *Osborne*, in Cowes Bay, the late Queen Victoria being then at Osborne House. The Marconi apparatus, a pole a hundred feet in height, was placed in the grounds of Osborne House, while on the yacht a wire was suspended from a rope connecting the heads of the two masts. To wires from these altitudes the instruments were attached, those on the yacht being placed in the saloon, where their working was a matter of considerable interest to all the members of the Royal Family, who were constantly on

board. During rather more than a fortnight, about one hundred and fifty messages passed between the Palace and the yacht, one of them, which was published by special permission of His Majesty at the time, reading, "From Dr. Tripp to Sir James Reid—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has passed another excellent night and is in very good spirits and health. The knee is most satisfactory." At that time the yacht was out of sight of the Palace, the hills behind East Cowes intervening, and though the two points were less than a couple of miles apart, it would have been impossible for communication to be carried on by means of direct signalling with flags, the semaphore, or the heliograph system.

Now, the long pole on which the vertical conductor is supported has given place to four towers, which are shown on this page, in the picture of the station at Poldhu, which everyone will recollect was visited less than a fortnight ago by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were conducted over the station by Mr. Marconi himself, to whose courtesy is due the fact that *The Sketch* is able to present to its readers the first series of photographs ever allowed to be taken inside the station, *The Sketch*'s own photographer having travelled to Cornwall for the purpose. The Prince himself climbed to the very top of one of the towers, which rise to a height of about two hundred and fifty feet from the ground and the summits of which are about four hundred feet above sea-level. Interesting as it must, no doubt, be for the average mortal to be allowed to go up, the position is not without its drawbacks, for when the wind blows, the towers, like the historic cradle in the nursery-rhyme, rock, or, at all events, sway to a certain extent. There is, however, no danger of their emulating that cradle and coming down, for they have withstood a gale blowing at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour. From Poldhu a message has been sent to America in the eighteenth part of a second, the route being from Poldhu to Cape Breton, thence to Cape Cod by wireless telegraphy, and from Cape Cod to New York by the ordinary land-wires, in just the same way as the message would be sent to Poldhu from London.

While, however, the Marconi system is in its infancy as far as Transatlantic work is concerned, its development in other directions has been extraordinary when the short time of its existence is taken into account. A large portion if not most of the shipping is reported to New York by the system, and many of the great passenger-steamers employ it, all the large Cunarders, for instance, using it to announce their arrival, as well as vessels of the Allan Line, the American Line, the Atlantic Transport, the North German Lloyd, and the French Line, while the Hamburg-American Line is being fitted with the system. In shipping, indeed, it has proved itself of extraordinary value, for by its means vessels have been saved which would surely have been wrecked but for its use.



THE MARCONI TOWERS AT POLDHU, SOUTH-WEST CORNWALL.

*Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."*

## "THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LI.—SIGNOR GUGLIELMO MARCONI.



"HOPE I HAVEN'T KEPT YOU."



"COME AND LOOK ROUND. THIS IS THE WAY TO AMERICA—BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY."



"HERE WE ARE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STATION. NO PHOTOGRAPHER HAS EVER PASSED THIS GATEWAY—"



"—UNTIL NOW. THESE ROPES? OH, THEY HELP TO SUPPORT THE TOWERS."



"NOW WE WILL GO INSIDE. AS YOU WILL SEE BY THIS CHART, I AM WORKING OUT A MOST INTERESTING EXPERIMENT."



"THE MESSAGE SENT FROM MY STATION AT THE LIZARD TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES."



"THERE IS A GRAND VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER."



"DON'T BE NERVOUS."



"THE SUMMIT—BUT NOT THE SUMMIT OF MY AMBITIONS."

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

**S**HE was a missionary's daughter, and now she is Empress of Korea. The only other explanation is that the newspapers are not speaking or printing the truth, which, as Euclid remarks, is absurd. Emily Brown went to Korea when she was fifteen years old, and sang in the missionary's choir. Apparently, the Emperor does not attend church, but keeps a representative to report upon the physical attractions of all who do. Miss Brown was fair to look upon, and the Emperor of Korea sent to offer her a disengaged portion of his heart, and suitable apartments in the Royal harem. The indignant lady spurned his offer, but a little later reconsidered her uncompromising attitude, and went, probably to reform her Royal suitor. Now the reformation is over, and Emily Brown, Empress of Korea, is, I believe, the first American girl who has married an Emperor. One waits now to see the political result of the union. The Monroe or some similar doctrine may be invoked to justify America in seizing Korea in the

interests of the American woman and children, to save them from the aggressive Muscovite or aspiring Jap. This sounds far-fetched, but do not forget that our own gallant Dr. Jameson attempted to seize Johannesburg with far less excuse. I see in the elevation of Empress Emily Brown to the purple a solution of the Far Eastern problem, for General Kuropatkin himself would not advocate a forward movement that would bring the Russian and American eagles into open conflict.

I am delighted to read the nice things that are said about Great Britain in the Paris newspapers and to learn something of the lines upon which the *entente cordiale* may be maintained. In the first place, our Fiscal arrangements must remain as they are, for preferential tariffs would punish French exporters of eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and France must protect her subjects. With regard to the Newfoundland Fishery trouble, France will be contented with a substantial indemnity,

a gift of territory in some part of the world to be chosen by her Foreign Office, and compensation to all who want some. In return for this, she will be content in future to fish in her own waters. Siam presents certain difficulties, but they may be met if Great Britain, perfidious no longer, will remember the overwhelming moral rights of the great nation. So far as Morocco is concerned, it is so clear to everybody that French rights over that country are paramount, that Great Britain, now the generous and understanding Ally of France, must gladly stand aside and see the Republic plant the banner of freedom and equality and liberty and fraternity all over the ample lands of Mulai Abd-el-Aziz. In return for this very proper acknowledgment of French rights, the great nation will not insist upon the British evacuation of Egypt. It must be quite clear to all who are interested in the peace of the world and the development of Franco-British friendship that these terms are very equitable. At the same time, one cannot help a feeling of relief at the thought that the terms of the Anglo-French understanding are not settled by the publicists who work the political side of French journalism.

With respectful interest, I read that Spain has sent "one of her warships" to watch the proceedings of young Master Jacques Lebaudy, brother of the late lamented "petit sucier." The statement should have been worded differently by the scribes. In the first place, for "one of her warships" I think we should read "her one warship"; and, secondly, the warship can do no more than watch the place where the adventurous young gentleman landed. He has gone inland to establish his kingdom in the Rio del Oro country, and warships can no more cross sandy desert than they can climb mountains. At the same time, Spain has achieved something. Some years ago, after Spain and Morocco had had a little quarrel that led to nothing more than the lavish decoration of certain soldiers and the production of some fine pictures by Fortuny, who accompanied the Spanish expedition, Spain demanded and received from the Moorish Government a port on the Atlantic seaboard. If I remember rightly, it was called Santa Cruz del Mar Pequeña. Having received the place, Spain sent an expedition to take possession, but the expedition could not find it. Cruising, exploring, references to the Sultan were all of no avail; the coast-line is long and bare, the precise locality was not ascertained, and the Spanish authorities were compelled to assume a mild sovereignty over the place that seemed most like the district ceded to them. If I remember rightly—it is some years since I heard the story in Tangier—the place was dry, barren, and so free from water that a boat had to ply regularly between the Canary Islands and the mainland to supply the garrison with drink. It is clear that Spanish navigation has improved, for the unnamed warship seems to have arrived somewhere in the neighbourhood of the place where young M. Lebaudy is King.



TOO QUICK A LUNCH.

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

JULY 29, 1903

THE SKETCH.

57



OUR AMERICAN VISITORS.

AS SEEN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

**G**OLDWIN SMITH tells two new stories about Carlyle. Once he was staying with the Sage at Lady Ashburton's house, "The Grange." After dinner, the party came out on the lawn. A glorious moon met their eyes. There were a few moments of painful silence; then a voice was heard exclaiming, "Puir auld thing!"

The audience were left to guess whether the moon was "puir" in herself or because she was doomed to look down upon vile humanity.

At that time, Tennyson was one of the circle at "The Grange." He was asked to read one of his own poems aloud, but, to the general surprise and disappointment, he refused. Looking across the room, Mr. Smith saw the cause of the difficulty. Close to Tennyson was Carlyle, who had not failed in the universal sweep of his philosophy to pass an opinion on poetry in its relation to common sense. Mr. Smith, devoting



MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

*Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent IV.*

himself to the public good, went across and invited Carlyle to a stroll in the grounds. He accepted the invitation, and during the stroll the reading came off.

On the Carlyle-Froude controversy, the *Nation*, to my mind, comments with more good sense than most papers. Referring to Froude's new matter, it says it raises questions as to which even Courts of Justice prefer to take evidence with closed doors. But apart from this, as a whole, the pamphlet deepens the impression which the original text left, that Froude's manner of discharging his trust, satisfactory as it may have been to his co-executor, had a most malign effect on the reputation of the man whom he regarded as his master and teacher.

The capital fact that Froude, the chosen disciple, blackened his teacher's reputation would have been much better met, to our mind, by a display of that spirit of remorse of which the teacher showed himself so lavish over the wife's grave. It is a bungler who meets it either by saying, "Why, I have not told you half," and proceeds to lay on some additional touches, or who insists, as Froude also does, that he was the last person who should be suspected of having wilfully misrepresented Carlyle's character, because he revered him so deeply. It was the effect of his biography that was quarrelled with, not his original intention. Then there is the question of Froude's own accuracy, and even veracity. He does not meet this by admitting that his book was full of "printers' blunders" or "errors of the press." It was with his own blunders and errors that fault was found.

A general desire is expressed for a memoir of the late Mr. W. E. Henley. There are abundant materials in the way of letters, many of which I have seen. It is needless to say that they will require very careful editing. Mr. Henley was a man who wrote with remarkable frankness and outspokenness, and he did not grudge the labour of corresponding with his contributors. The biographer might well be Mr. Charles Whibley, the writer of "Musings without Method" in *Blackwood*. Mr. Whibley was, perhaps, as closely associated as anyone with Mr. Henley's editorial labours.

It is good news that William Morris's contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* are to be republished by Messrs. Longmans. They were his first writings, and were printed in 1856, when Morris was twenty-two years old. They include some attempts at story-telling, but are much less noticeable than Morris's verse contributions to the same periodical. These include

the wonderful lines beginning, "Pray but one prayer for me betwixt thy closed lips." The *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* came out under the auspices of the late Canon Dixon and Mr. William Fulford.

Messrs. Hutchinson, who have been very successful with their Part publications, are now issuing a work to be entitled "The Living Plant: in Leaf, Flower, and Fruit." This is a popular and well-illustrated History of Botany, and seven hundred illustrations have been made, most of them expressly for this work, with definite relation to the text. It is claimed that "The Living Plant" is the only book of its kind. It will be published in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each.

The late Sir Peter Edlin was a brother-in-law of Mr. James Payn.  
O. O.

### THE INTERPRETER OF THE GHETTO.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, to give him his full name and also to distinguish him from his very clever brother and fellow-writer, has hitherto been regarded as the one great interpreter of Jewish life—in a word, of the Ghetto. He had, however, written several books before his two remarkable works, "The Children of the Ghetto" and "Ghetto Tragedies," revealed that a powerful new writer had arisen among us. Mr. Zangwill makes no secret of the fact that he is an entirely self-educated man. His remarkable gift of language, and of expressing his thoughts in powerful English, was revealed to him long before he found his true vocation. For a while he edited *Ariel*, accomplishing an extraordinary amount of what, for want of a better term, must be styled pot-boiling. For a man still on the right side of forty, Mr. Zangwill has accomplished much; in addition to the fourteen books which he admits having published, he has had four plays successfully produced in this country and America. He is a great walker, a keen horseman, an enthusiastic cyclist, and of late he has turned his mind to motoring; in fact, he has hitherto delighted in all forms of locomotion save ballooning, but doubtless that, too, will come. Few men lend themselves more to caricature, and it may be said that very few bear it so complacently. He is a popular figure in London literary life, and is, perhaps, now that Mr. Anthony Hope has joined the great married majority, the most considerable of literary bachelors left to us.

### AN "ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" OF THE FINE ARTS.

Mr. Henry Brodribb Irving, Sir Henry's elder son, and husband of winsome Dorothea Baird, has for long been known as a most capable actor. At the Garrick, the Comedy, the St. James's, and the Duke of York's he has gone from success to success, his performance of "The Admirable Crichton" at the latter theatre being one of the finest pieces of humorous acting ever seen in London. Mr. Irving is also a scholar and author of some note. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, where he took his degree of "M.A." and his "Life of Judge Jeffreys," published some five years ago, though it naturally attracted a good deal of criticism, was generally pronounced to be a masterly work. Since then he has published "French Criminals of the Nineteenth Century," a truly remarkable book.



MR. H. B. IRVING, ACTOR AND AUTHOR TOO.

*Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*

## "BY JUST EXCHANGE."

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

"My true love hath my heart, and I—and I—have his,  
By just exchange, one to the other given."

**S**O she sang, but when she reached thus far she paused, and her hands lay idle on her lap and her sweet voice was silenced and there was a mistiness about her eyes.

"Some folk are fortunate," she told herself. "Some folk get a heart for a heart—oh, lucky, lucky people! And I give money, ever so much money, and amongst it I have slipped in a heart. It isn't noticed; it isn't wanted; poor, little, overlooked heart! But I cannot take it back." She brushed the mistiness from her eyes. "And I wouldn't," she ended, "if I could. For half a loaf—the worst half of the loaf even, the half that is merely crumb, with no nice, hard, crisp crust to it—is better when you're, oh, so hungry than no bread!" Then she went on singing—

"I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain dri . . . ven."

Then she paused again. Singing duets by oneself is rather poor fun. "'Bargain,'" she said, "is a horrid word. It has a sordid, an everyday sound, and is too suggestive of debts and worry. Yet it is a word I find very appropriate to my case; it is the only appropriate thing in the song. I give the money, which he counts and I do not, and the heart, which I count and he does not, and what does he give me? Companionship and tolerance—yes, tolerance. He keeps my heart and gives me tolerance! And I am such a poor, weak thing, I accept the little he gives me, and it is more to me than all the love in the world beside!" She hummed the last line of the verse—an amended version—without accompaniment—

"There never was a harder bargain dri . . . ven."

Then she began the old song afresh and sang it from beginning to end without interruption. But not as it should be sung. For a duet rendered by one voice is a rather poor thing.

Just before she finished, a man came in and shut the door softly behind him—a tall and handsome man whose face had lightened wonderfully at the sound of her singing. He came to her side. "Ah, you have that old canon," said he. "Let us sing it together. Get up."

"Why should I get up?" she questioned, trying hard not to smile and not accomplishing it; determined not to spring up at his curt bidding, and just managing that.

"Because I play so much better than you do," he smiled down at her. And then, when she had given him her place as a reward for his pleasant audacity, he added, "And, since you sing so much better than I do, it is only fair I should balance things when I can."

"When you *can*!" she echoed, drawn back in her thoughts, but he did not seem to hear.

Instead, he began to play with a brilliance and a sureness of feeling that made his playing a very different thing from hers. So that, almost against her will, she was drawn to lend her clear voice to the music's completion, and then, when his voice joined hers, singing the same sweet words after her, she forgot for the moment that they were not true—or only so one-sidedly true—in her pleasure in taking her part in the production of so much exquisite sound.

They sang it to the end—and it was well done to a quite exceptional degree—and then he startled her with his comment.

He twirled half-round on the piano-stool and put his arms about her waist, drawing her to him, and he looked into her eyes, straight into them, with no shame in his.

"Sweetheart," he said, "those words were written for us—for you and me. See how they fit—

"My true love hath my heart, and I have hers.  
There never was a better bargain driven."

"Could anything, written to-day, suit us better?"

She did not answer him, except indirectly, with a look she tried to hide and could not, but perhaps he was hardly expecting an answer, for he went on speaking at once, quickly and earnestly. His words were as old—far older, indeed, than the words of the old song, yet they were new on his lips, new in her ears, and for that simple reason words that may hardly be written. They held all his love, his

passionate worship of her for her graciousness and beauty; they bared his heart as he gave it to her in exchange for her heart safe in his keeping. They were words such as she had lost hope of hearing in the bitter sweet month of their engagement, and they filled and enraptured her, lifted her to Heaven. And then a stray thought, something unvoiced but strangely pricking, set her on her feet again. Past and bitter disappointment rang coldly and clearly in her voice.

"How am I different to-day," she asked, "from what I was yesterday and all the other days?"

"You are no different," he declared.

"Then you—the change is in you?" She spoke very low and she hung her head, for she hated the necessity to say it. "Your love has come so suddenly and so late, I find it a little hard to believe in. When you asked me to marry you, you were careful to omit all mention of it then. We have met a great many times since, and I have heard nothing of it. I—oh, it may be a shameful thing, but I have never been able to hide that I care for you—I cannot now! And I would rather you loved me late than not at all. But"—her voice trembled—"I should much rather you had loved me all the time."

"I have loved you all the time!" he cried. "Before Heaven I swear it!" Then he waited for her very natural question.

"Why were you so careful to hide it, then?"

"I will tell you," he said; "but, first, will you tell me you forgive me for the pain you have had through me? I never thought it would pain you so—I don't think, careless wretch that I am, that I in the least realised what it must be to you until to-day, when I heard you singing those old words with so much forlorn pity and sadness in your dear voice. Say you forgive me first," and he put his arms closer and closer round her and his lips on hers. It was rather unfair, rather extortionate—the act of a tyrant, perhaps; but, then, it must be conceded that she would have forgiven him anyhow, and with less pleasure in the act.

"You know," he began, "that you have a good deal of money."

"Yes," she admitted.

"But you have not known that, as it happens, I have some, too; as much as yours and a not inconsiderable amount over. Now, I'll tell you how it was, and I must tell you, also, that my love for you was really as sudden a growth as if it had sprung into being to-day, for I loved you the first time I met you, just with all my heart as I do now. But I happened to hear that your friends were very much afraid of your being caught and carried off by some needy fortune-hunter for your beauty and your money, and I also felt, for my own part about you, that although you might be so caught—because I did not believe you capable of denying love when it came to you—yet that you would be very hardly caught, that the prize would be only to the strong and swift, and so—and so—"

"And so you played the fortune-hunter to try me? So nothing would suit you but you must win my love against my will?"

"Yes," he said. "But I see now it was a sorry trick—a cowardly thing to do."

"I have forgiven you," she whispered; and added, quickly, "But why did you keep it up so long?"

"At first, I was enamoured of the game," he owned. "I have never been able to take much pride in wealth I simply inherited, that others worked and toiled for, and you were the first thing I could feel I had desired and gained for myself, just because I am a man and not because I am a man rather better off than many. And, then, don't you think that lately you have made it just a little difficult for me to break a silence kept too long? That you have been on the defensive to a degree that has often driven me away without confessing, although I have even come to you prepared with all my sin, as well as my love, to lay at your feet? But when I heard you singing of that exchange of hearts so dolefully and sadly and heard in your voice how you believed you had given one and received next to nothing for it—why, then I could not keep silence any longer."

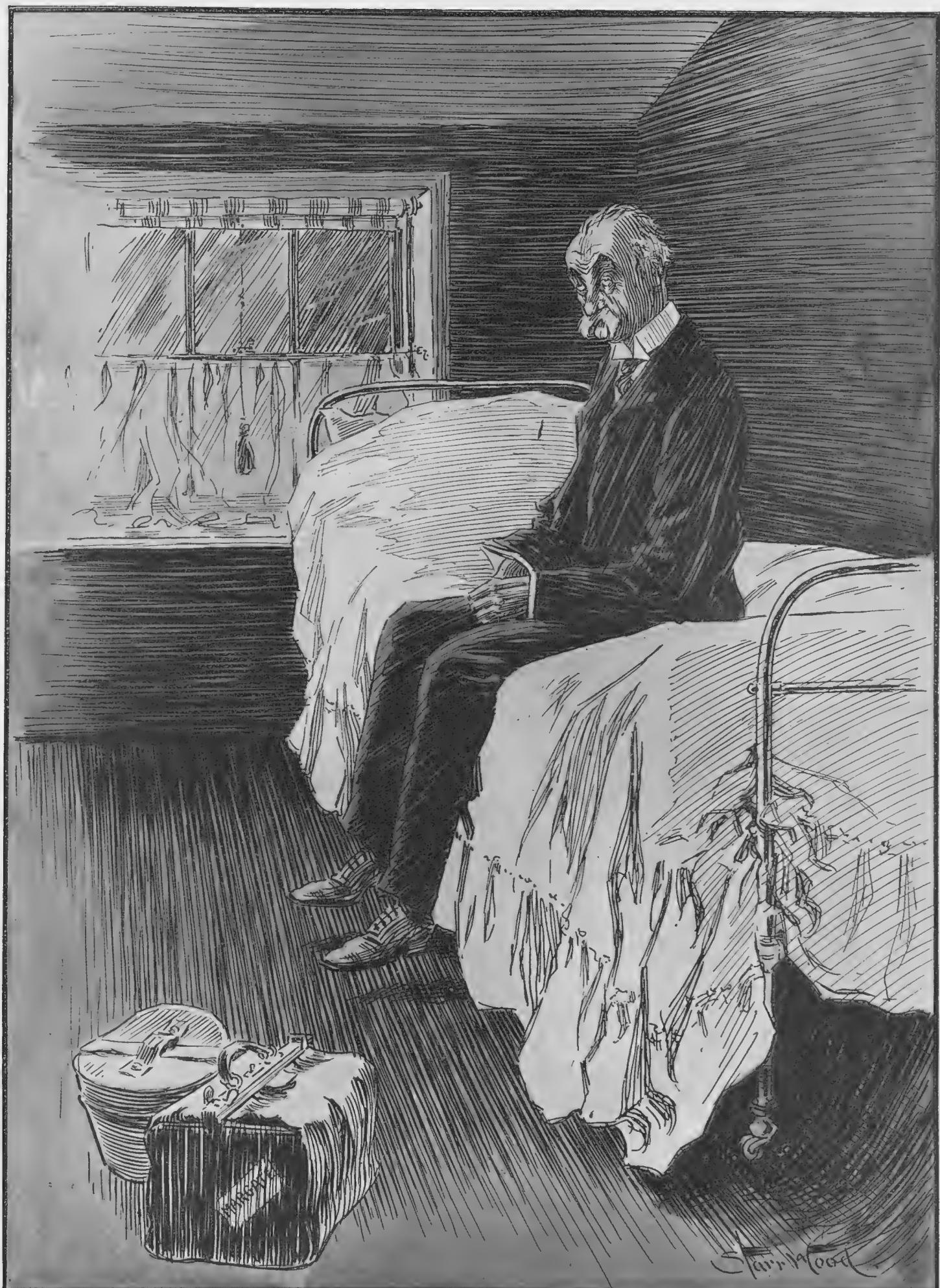
"I forgive you," she smiled, "and that must make up for your extra money, so we need not think of either of those things any more."

"But only of your heart in me and mine in you," he whispered. "'By just exchange,' and surely 'there never was a better bargain driven'?"



POSITIVELY ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY: "LOOPING THE LOOP" AT THE SEASIDE.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



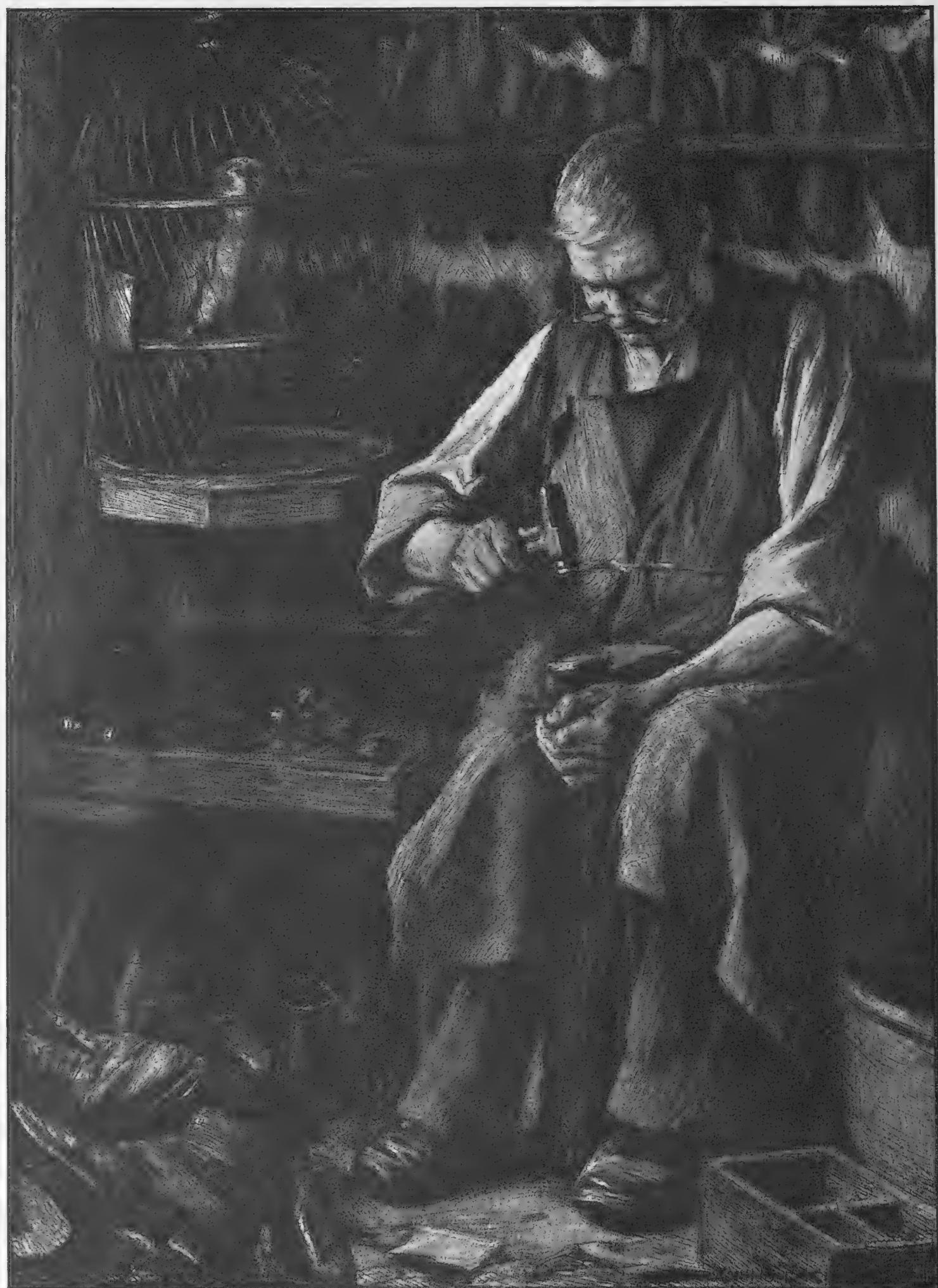
THE HUMOURIST AT THE SEASIDE.

*It is raining like Jupiter, the people underneath are playing "The Holy City," and he has lost the key of his bag.*

AN IMPRESSIONIST SKETCH BY STARR WOOD.

## LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING



X.—“THE COBBLER.”



## BERTIE AND THE COLONEL.

By JOHN WORNE.

"THIS is too much!" said Eva, with flashing eyes. "I have endured a good deal from you, Mr. Pilkinghame, since we became engaged, but you have gone too far!"

Bertie was overcome with humility and repentance. "If you will tell me what I have done wrong," he said, "I will do anything—"

"You can do nothing but leave me at once!"

"Eva," he pleaded, "have you thought what that would mean? What have I done to deserve it?"

"Can you deny," she said, turning upon him fiercely, "that you proposed to Enid Stafford last night?"

"I did not," he said, firmly. "She proposed to me—practically."

"Oh!" she replied, in exasperation. "Well, you accepted her, then, if you like to put it in that way."

He protested meekly. "I said I'd be delighted to accept her, provided she could arrange the matter with you. You leave out the most important part."

"And—and you think that—you think that is nothing! You imagine I am going to stand—!"

"What was a fellow to do?" he asked, raising his shoulders. "It was the first offer I had had—I was naturally a little nervous—I didn't like to be rude to a lady."

She uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"I don't think I had encouraged her attentions," he said; "that wouldn't be right, would it? No. I assure you, I thought it so sudden—so unexpected. I told her so. So we agreed that it wouldn't be right to do anything without consulting you."

"Well, I give you my full permission to marry her."

"I am sorry," he replied. "I was hoping you would put difficulties in the way, tell us to wait a year or—or cut us off, or something of that kind. I trusted to you to put an end to this foolish entanglement." She said nothing. "Well," he went on, "if you really mean it, I suppose it can't be helped. I will go. Eva, Eva, have you considered what misery this means to us both?"

"Thank you," she said, frigidly, "I have no doubt that I can console myself. I will accept the first proposal that comes."

"You mean that?"

"Certainly. Do you think you are the only one free to do as you like?"

"You are very hard upon me. However, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said. He had reached the door. "I think you have forgotten the ring," she said, laying it on the table.

He came back and took it up. He looked at her pathetically, but she had seated herself and taken up a novel. He went out, closed the door, and was gone. Standing in the street, he reflected a moment, wondering what to do to fill up the time before lunch. He finally hailed a hansom and drove to one of his seventeen clubs. In the smoke-room he found the Colonel writing a letter to the *Times*. The Colonel was the most shocking bore ever known. He had proposed to Eva before her engagement to Bertie, and even that he had done in an insufferably dull way. His favourite occupation was hearing early cuckoos, and he knew all the arguments against Free Trade. He had a good heart and meant well.

Bertie went up to him, and said, in a husky voice, "I congratulate you, sir."

The Colonel looked up. "Ah, good-morning!"

Bertie took his hand and shook it solemnly. "I congratulate you, sir," he repeated.

"Eh?" said the Colonel. "Oh, ah, yes!—that article on 'Gladstonian Fallacies.' Yes, I flatter myself that it has its merits, eh? Now, would you believe it?"—he pressed a forefinger between Bertie's ribs—"they weren't going to put it in; fact is, I had quite a difficulty—"

"I didn't mean that, though I entirely agree with what the article said—every word of it," he added, firmly, for the Colonel seemed about to speak. "What I meant was—oh, but you must know!"

The Colonel shook his head. Bertie looked round, saw that nobody was within hearing, and lowered his voice. "I have just seen Miss Rowen." He stopped. The Colonel was still puzzled. "From what I gathered, she had been reading that article—over your signature."

"I didn't sign it."

"I mean, she had recognised the style at once; one can't help doing that." The Colonel nodded and beamed. "I found her cold towards me; I tried to get an explanation; I soon found that I was in a false position."

"Bless my soul!" said the Colonel, becoming very red in the face. Bertie's voice broke. "I felt bound to release her from her engagement," he said. "I—I congratulate you, sir."

"I'm—I'm very sorry for you," gasped the Colonel, decently concealing his blissful rapture, "I—er—I assure you— Bless my soul—dear, dear!—this is most remarkable!"

"No," said Bertie; "never mind me. I ought to have known from the first that my case was hopeless against a man who could write like that upon—upon—er—the subject of that article."

"Bless my soul!" repeated the Colonel, dazed; "I must—I must go home and consider this; this is most important." He tore up the letter he had been writing. "I am much obliged to you—indeed I am! I—er—can't say how sorry I feel for you. I—er—"

"Four o'clock was the time she said she would be at home."

"Bless my soul! Four this afternoon! Dear, dear! Good-morning!"

He hurried out with a light step, muttering to himself. Bertie settled down for a few minutes with a paper. It was not long before Lord Bobby Dalmainham strolled in for his customary after-breakfast light reading. He greeted Bertie cheerily. Bertie looked at him with a cold stare, rose, and walked towards the door.

"Hullo!" said Lord Bobby, with a blank face. "What's happened now? What have I been doing this time?" They were alone in the room. Bertie turned and faced him.

"Do you ask that question of me?" he said, indignantly. "And you are the man I used to think of as a friend I could trust!"

Lord Bobby whistled low.

"You'll understand," said Bertie, "that it is quite impossible for our acquaintance to continue."

"Why on earth—?" asked Lord Bobby.

"I leave that to your own conscience."

"But, I assure you, on my honour, my dear fellow, I haven't the ghost of a notion what the deuce we're talking about."

"What's the good of pretending like this?" said Bertie.

"If you'd give me a hint," said Lord Bobby; "anything to help me out. I never was clever."

"Well," said Bertie, bitterly, "you'll be glad to hear that I'm no longer engaged to Miss Rowen."

"I'm most awfully sorry, old man; but what—?"

"None of your crocodile's tears, please. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I extracted from her the fact that this is just what you and she have been longing for for months past."

"By Jove!" said Lord Bobby, his face lighting up. "She said she had been longing—"

"She owed me some explanation for the change in her feelings towards me. I soon found that a visit from somebody was hoped for at four this afternoon, and it didn't take long to find out who that somebody was. And this is your gratitude to the man who saved your life!"

"My dear fellow, I—I can't say how sorry I am for you; but it's the fortune of war, you know. Four o'clock, did you say? Each man for himself, you know, and somebody does the rest." Lord Bobby did not say this exultantly, but in a gentle tone, by way of consolation.

"You may be right," said Bertie, sadly, "and I dare say it isn't your fault. Who would have expected her to fall in love with you?"

"It certainly is bad luck, old man," said Lord Bobby. "I shouldn't like it if I were you. Well, I'm off—thanks for telling me!"

"Be punctual!" Bertie called out, as he left the room. He then wandered round looking for men who were acquainted with Eva. He found no more, so he drove off to another club, and there, also, was the cause of much happiness in three bosoms. The Hon. Percy Fitzpearce was, at first, considerably astonished, but, on reflection (looking-glass reflection), he quite understood how it came about. Archie Pawling, though he had not, as a matter of fact, contemplated matrimony for some time yet, saw lying before him an opportunity of getting rid of his creditors which was not likely to occur again; while Phil Bartram had suspected something of the kind long ago. They were all sympathetic and they all determined to be punctual.

Bertie then lunched and debated with himself the advisability of leaving town for a few days.

At half-past three it was raining, and Eva decided to stay at home. She was feeling dull, and had been half-inclined to find out from Enid Stafford what had really happened in the matter of that proposal of marriage. Perhaps, after all, they didn't mean it seriously. Somehow,

it seemed rather a small thing to be the cause of a separation for ever. She was dreaming, half-regretfully, of the happy past, when, at five minutes to four, John looked in.

"Colonel Cush is at the door, Miss. Shall I say 'Not at home'?"

"Oh, bother! Yes. No; wait a minute. You haven't opened the door yet?"

"No, Miss."

She thought it well to be polite to the Colonel: he was an old friend of Mr. Rowen.

"You may say we're at home; and go and ask Mrs. Rowen to come quick. And if anybody else does come—I don't suppose anybody will—you can let them in at once."

It was always well to be fortified by numbers against the Colonel. He entered, radiant, but uncertain as to the exact thing to be done. However, a little earnest pressure of the hand was enough to begin with. She didn't return it. But how could she tell after he had declared himself? He began on the subject which formed the golden link between them.

"So you admire 'Gladstonian Fallacies'?" he asked, modestly.

"Awfully," she murmured; "don't you?"

She resigned herself to fate, and wondered how soon help would arrive. It came sooner than she expected.

John opened the door, and Lord Bobby entered with a rush and a happy smile. But the rush was checked and the smile froze. He shook hands with Eva with a look full of meaning and sympathy, and nodded stiffly to the Colonel. The Colonel glared at him, and gave Eva a glance which was to make her understand that he felt the infliction as much as she did. Lord Bobby sat down, and, having come prepared with only one subject of conversation, said nothing for some time. The Colonel proceeded to explain one or two points in "Gladstonian Fallacies," and wondered how long the young ass was likely to stay. It was one of the Colonel's failings that he never realised that things once of great interest become out-of-date.

John soon admitted in quick succession the Hon. Percy Fitzpearce, Mr. Archie Pawling, and Mr. Philip Bartram. He was a little surprised to find that each murmured that he was expected. Each entered with a gladsome step and a hopeful countenance, stopped suddenly, and looked round in disgust. Each pressed her hand in sympathy. She wondered much.

The conversation that afternoon was interesting not so much by reason of the things said as by reason of the things thought and choked down in silence. The Colonel's few remarks on "Gladstonian Fallacies" developed as they were apt to do into a set speech, while Eva murmured at intervals her entire agreement. Lord Bobby also concurred with enthusiasm, and said he was surprised that the question could ever be disputed; but that did not check the flow of oratory. When Mrs. Rowen came in, there was some exciting manœuvring by each to drive the other four over to her and get a few words quietly with Eva; it was as interesting as the ten minutes before the gun fires in a yacht-race. As five o'clock approached each watched furtively for signs of the departure of the others. No gentleman who is a gentleman should make a call of more than an hour. Lord Bobby mentioned thrilling things that were going on elsewhere, and Archie Pawling asked why he wasn't there. Lord Bobby remarked casually that he didn't care for such things. Mr. Fitzpearce remembered an engagement that Mr. Bartram had, but Mr. Bartram thanked him kindly and said it had been postponed. The Colonel was engaged in annihilating only the third fallacy of Mr. Gladstone, and there were seven still to be dealt with, three of which were most outrageously fallacious. And Eva wondered more and more.

Each of them took a fourth cup of tea and sipped it cautiously, with an eye on the cup of his neighbour. Mrs. Rowen started off on the sixteenth subject of conversation, and for the ninety-second time Mr. Fitzpearce said ponderously that it was awfully jolly. Each, whenever he got a chance, looked into Eva's eyes with a look that meant unutterable worlds.

At about twenty past five, Lord Bobby began asking riddles, such as, "If a fish weighs ten pounds and half its own weight what does it weigh?" or "Why is a mouse when it spins?"; but they bore it with grim fortitude. Nobody fled. Then came one of those ghostly silences which make one glance instinctively at the clock. At about half-past five, Mr. Pawling, with many "Ha, ha's!" and earnest assurances that he had never laughed so much in his life, told a story, but remembered in the middle that it might not do in a drawing-room, and had to switch off into something with a moral but no meaning. Eva laughed very much; in fact, she felt that, on the slightest provocation, she would scream. She wondered if her parting from Bertie was known and this was the penalty for being disengaged. Poor Bertie! There was a halo round him already. Her replies to the Colonel (who was really enjoying himself) were getting further and further from the point; and the others noticed it, and pitied her and raged. It was becoming quite obvious that, if anybody ever went away at all (which seemed doubtful), the warrior would be the last to leave his post. She had never realised so fully before what dull dogs were the gentlemen of her acquaintance. Poor Bertie! How different the afternoon would have been had he been there! Even Lord Bobby was without his usual sprightliness, and was gloomily stirring his spoon round in the half-cup of cold tea which would nevermore be empty. His replies to the Colonel were becoming abrupt, even snappy. At about a quarter to six, however, he saw a chance. The Colonel had rashly turned away for a moment to impress

upon Percy Fitzpearce (whose chin was sinking deeper into his collar) the absurdity of the argument that because the Irish Church—

"I'm as much annoyed about this," said Lord Bobby, softly, "as you are."

Eva looked surprised. "Did I look annoyed?"

"No, of course; but it is exasperating that these fellows should choose this particular time to come and do this, you know."

"This particular time?" she asked, puzzled.

"What astonishes me," he said, "is the way they can't see that we don't want them." He lowered his voice to a tender whisper. "Bertie has told me all about it."

"Has he?" said Eva, not at all pleased: it was the first time Bertie had been in such a hurry to announce the end.

"Yes, he told me, so it can't be helped now. You must try to forgive him. Poor fellow, he was awfully cut up about it all!"

"It is very good of you to take his part like this."

"Oh, I can afford to, can't I? One can be generous to the vanquished." He paused, and then went on, earnestly, "After what you know I know, is it necessary for me to tell you that—?"

"Well, Miss Rowen, let me recapitulate briefly the last two points I made?" said the Colonel, turning back to her.

She sighed and looked at the clock. She had an uncomfortable feeling that something was happening which she didn't understand, and even the Colonel's arguments were a relief after the mysterious solemnity of Lord Bobby. Oh, where was Bertie? Bertie could have saved her from all this! With something like terror she saw Percy Fitzpearce move himself sideways on to a chair near to her. A message of great import was in his eye, so she devoted all her attention to the Colonel, but heard Percy's voice murmuring, "Confounded nuisance these fellows staying on like this, eh?"

She thought she could answer that. "Yes, isn't it?" she said, heartily, and he glowed with satisfaction.

Pawling and Bartram watched this manœuvre, and were racking their brains to devise a method of leaving Mrs. Rowen without rudeness and crossing to Eva. Each was sorely grieved to see her thus bored by the others when he knew that all the afternoon the poor girl had been yearning for one word from himself. It occurred to Eva that they were all fishing for an invitation to dinner; but the thing was so unlikely. All the little customary hints, such as "Dear me, how time does fly!" or "Oh, don't go yet!" had long ago been used up, and direct attacks seemed only to confirm the individual attacked in his intention of remaining. And wherever she looked she met eyes fixed upon her with melting tenderness. It was like some hideous nightmare. And the Colonel had only reached his seventh fallacy, with Home Rule still to come. Oh, Bertie, Bertie! Why did you go away?

It was getting on towards six-thirty when John entered and announced Mr. Bertie Pilkingame. Her heart leaped and she rose and went towards him. The Colonel and Lord Bobby and the Hon. Percy Fitzpearce and Mr. Pawling and Mr. Bartram all showed considerable surprise.

Bertie looked round with a grave face. Then he shook hands first with Eva, then with Mrs. Rowen, and then with the heroic five. He had a pleasant word for each. Then he returned to Eva, sat down on a sofa by her side, and, without saying anything, looked solemnly at the Colonel. The astonishment on five faces changed to wrath and disgust, and that in turn gave way to pleasant though grim smiles. With regret, they realised that, in a lady's drawing-room, physical violence was out of the question.

"Er—ah—ahem!" said the Colonel, feeling his position acutely. "Bless my soul, how late it is! Dear, dear! How one forgets time! I am afraid I must be going now, really."

"Must you really?" said Mrs. Rowen.

"Er—I really must—er—Good-afternoon!"

"Good-night!" said Eva; and the Colonel hurried out, jammed his hat on his head, and slashed at things with his umbrella all the way home.

The same process was repeated four times. But the four did not go straight home. There was a council of war out on the pavement.

"Let's thrash him!" said Pawling, savagely.

"Yes," said Bartram, gripping his stick.

"And have it all made public and look bigger fools than we are!" said Fitzpearce.

"If possible," said Lord Bobby; and in mournful silence they dispersed.

"I didn't hear you come," said Eva, when the room was cleared.

"Didn't you?" said Bertie. As a matter of fact, he had arrived at four, and sat in the library while John reported how things were going. "I came because I had heard that you were about to accept the first proposal you got. In case I'm not too late," he continued, going down gracefully on one knee, "I have the honour to lay at your feet the heart and hand of a most humble, repentant, and devoted slave, trusting that the errors of the past may be but the more convincing proof of the certainty of a blameless future."

"Did you tell all—all—those people to come here?"

"I told them our engagement was over."

"Well," she said, shuddering, "you must never do such a thing again."

"Darling, I never will!"

The wounds in four bosoms healed with time, but the Colonel never spoke to Bertie again.

And in after years, when people heard that this was so, they came to Bertie and said, wistfully, "Tell us, oh, tell us how you managed it!"



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



HARDLY had Sir Henry's extensive stage-staff cleared away all the heavy "Dante" scenery, effects, and costumes from Old Drury's honoured stage a few days ago, than Mr. Arthur Collins's equally extensive stage-staff prepared to make that stage ready for the reception of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new drama, which is

due in mid-September. I am asked to notify *Sketch* readers that Mr. Raleigh's latest work for what Sir Augustus Harris so delighted to call "The National Theatre" will be described as a "melofarce" — whatever that may be—and that it will contain a large number of sensational scenic effects, including a counterfeit presentment of W. P. Frith's popular picture, "The Railway Station"; also that its present title is "The Flood-Tide."

That one of the characters in Mr. Raleigh's "melofarce" is to be especially "lightsome" may be gathered from the fact that the management have lately sought to engage the services of that enormously popular music-hall

MISS MAY CRANFIELD, UNDERSTUDY TO  
MISS ETHEL IRVING AT DALY'S THEATRE.

*Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, IV.*

"star" or "Queen of Serio-Comedy," Miss Marie Lloyd, who is, I learn at the moment of writing, endeavouring to cancel several of her variety engagements. It is nearly ten years since the merry Miss Lloyd appeared at Old Drury.

Some months ago, I stated herein that Mr. H. V. Esmond's new comedy, which bears Mr. Pinnero's old play-name, "Imprudence," would be produced by Messrs. Charles Frohman and Frank Curzon at the Criterion on or about "St. Partridge's Day," namely, September the First. I have now to inform you that, "Just Like Callaghan" having been withdrawn from the Criterion, preparations are now starting in right good earnest for the production of Mr. Esmond's play on the day indicated. The scene of "Imprudence" is laid at Harlesdon Manor, the country-house of Mrs. Jim Graves, a very humorous character, to be enacted by Miss Florence St. John. The other ladies in the cast include Miss Eva Moore, who plays a character called "Billy"; her sister, Miss Jessie Moore; that clever character-actress, Miss Alice Beet; Miss Charlotte Granville; and Miss Edith Cartwright, daughter of Mr. Charles Cartwright. The leading male characters are allotted to Mr. Allan Aynsworth; Mr. Mark Kinghorne, a sterling low-comedian; Mr. Charles Groves, who has not had a really good part since "The Man from Sheffield" in "A Pair of Spectacles"; Mr. Sam Sothern, and Mr. Ian Maclarens, who is *not*, I may tell you, the eminent divine who under that pen-name writes Scottish stories.

"Little Mary" is, I am informed, the title that Mr. J. M. Barrie has just selected for his new play, which Mr. Charles Frohman is to produce in September at Wyndham's (by arrangement with Mr. Frank Curzon), with Mr. John Hare in the leading male character and Miss Nina Boucicault in the name-part.

The late Bret Harte's story, "Snow-bound at Eagle's," has been adapted by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, who calls it by the somewhat old title "Held Up." Mr. Arthur Bourchier has arranged to send this play on tour, starting on August Bank Holiday. Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, who played Pilkerton (of the Peerage) so well at the Garrick, goes out to direct the Company.

By the way, I learn that Mr. Pemberton, who has written the biographies of the late F. A. Sothern and other celebrated actors, is about to perform a like office for Sir Charles Wyndham.

Next Saturday, Aug. 1—if present arrangements hold—the syndicate calling itself the "Dickens Company" will produce at the Adelphi the sometime-talked-of new adaptation of "David Copperfield," prepared by the farcical-comedy writer, Mr. T. Gideon Warren (author of "Nita's First"), and Mr. Ben Landeck, who has concocted more

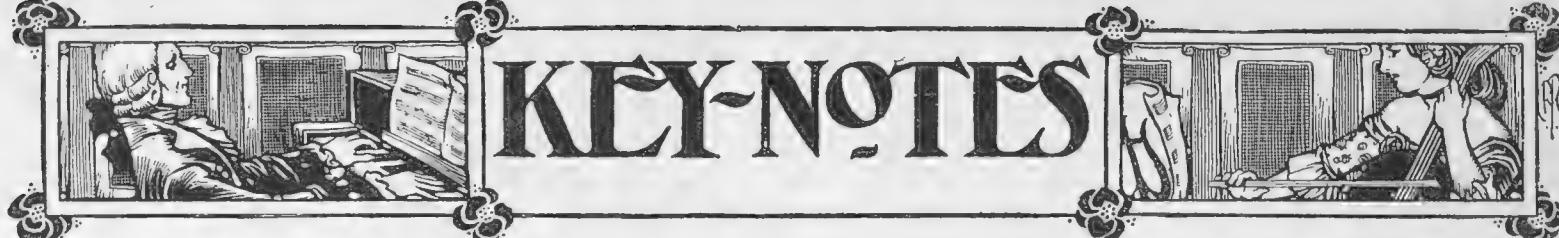
nerve-thrilling melodramas than most men of his comparatively tender age. This new Dickens drama was at first called "Uncle Dan'l." Later on it was announced that it had received another title, namely, "Peggotty's Darling," which, as I had pointed out in a previous issue, had been selected as the name of a new "David Copperfield" drama some time back prepared by Mr. W. H. Day, the well-known character-actor. I am now informed that the Adelphi "Copperfield" play has been re-named "Em'ly." Mr. Charles Cartwright should make a pathetic Peggotty in this, Mr. Frank Cooper a powerful Ham, Mr. Harry Nicholls a droll Micawber, and Miss Madge Lessing a sweet Little Em'ly. It seems to have escaped notice that the Mrs. Gummidge of the Adelphi Dickens play, namely, Miss Ewell, acted the same character when she was a mere girl, in Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly," at the Olympic, thirty-odd years ago.

Miss Hilda Stephens is a clever young actress who made her first appearance under the auspices of Mr. George Edwardes at Daly's Theatre. Here she played a small part in "The Geisha," and stayed two years, afterwards going to the Lyric, where she became understudy to Miss Kate Cutler. Then she was engaged by Mr. Charles Frohman to tour in America, playing Miss Emmie Owen's part in "The Rose of Persia." Returning to England, she was engaged to go to South Africa, where for a year or so she delighted playgoers as "San Toy" and in other characters. Since her present visit to this country she has had many offers for tours, but her ambition is to play in London again should an opportunity offer. At present, however, it seems likely that Miss Stephens will again journey to New York. She is the fortunate possessor of an agreeable mezzo-soprano voice, a very attractive personality, and owes her musical training to Mrs. Hayden Coffin.



MISS HILDA STEPHENS.

*Photograph by Madame Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.*



# KEY-NOTES

THE Royal Academy of Music gave a Students' Chamber Concert at St. James's Hall two or three days ago—a concert which certainly proved that in many respects the teaching is of excellent quality and of some reasonable distinction. Sir Charles Stanford was represented by his "Song Cycle" from Tennyson's "Princess." Frankly speaking, the composer does not, in my idea, even begin to understand the meaning of the poetry which, by reason of its separate and chosen words, has become embodied in our literature in a series of pictorial chapters which have never been anticipated, have never been succeeded, by the labour of any poet of a former or of a present generation. The five extracts from "The Princess" have been set before to music, for, indeed, music is their natural fulfilment. One is bound to say, however, that Stanford has nothing like the sentiment of Tennyson, which found its chief merit in miniature work—work, however, can scarcely be regarded as seriously completed in music by the sort of choral solidity of achievement which here is given to its completion. In that wonderful poem, "Tears, Idle Tears," the idea of giving a choral effect to the musical setting seems altogether wrong from the original intention. Sir Charles Stanford, in fact, accosts his Tennyson with some heaviness of manner.

Miss Irene Scharrer played Chopin's Polonaise in E-flat, on the same occasion, in a very well-meaning manner. She was evidently extremely popular with her fellow students, who did their very best to reverse the rule which was printed upon the programmes, and was framed to prevent any encore. Miss Scharrer, who is a "Potter Exhibitioner," plays weakly but well; in a word, it is impossible to criticise students, for the possibilities of development are always with one. Mr. Emile Sauret conducted with the right sort of spirit that one expects from a Professor whose life has been spent in a college or some well-known school, and whose ideal is naturally centred in the work of young people looking forward to become celebrities.

The Opera is nearly at its last breath; and at the end of the season it has seemed good to the Syndicate to give us a taste of "La Favorita." The present writer has chosen to make certain observations upon the elder fashion of Donizetti's operatic writing, an elder fashion that has now grown to be old-fashioned; the result was the receipt of a post-card (anonymous, of course, for no coward ever likes to have his name publicly recorded) saying that if the present writer could compose an opera like "La Favorita" he would most likely make his fortune. This is indubitably true. If "Common Chord" could invent the pills that are known by the name of Holloway, he would also make

a fortune; if he could set himself to crossing-sweeping in the fashion of Silas Wegg, his accumulation of money also would be forthcoming. Donizetti was the crossing-sweeper of music: he swept up the mud and put it into nice little pans for anybody to admire who would. Unfortunately, fortune and art do not always hang together; but it is better to be an honest tradesman than a feeble artist.

There is nothing more pathetic in the whole history of music than the history of Donizetti. He was the very antithesis of Wagner. All his work was accomplished in so short a time, all his thoughts were so

fully completed in the spring-tide of his life, that his death practically completed a chapter and held no promise for the future. Wagner, on the other hand, depended entirely upon the future—a path along which Donizetti never had the ambition to "stumble and stray." Therefore his kingdom was his own for the moment, and belonged to no subsequent time; and therefore he matters almost nothing to the present pleasure-seeking generation, even if he may possibly matter something to those who possess the historical instinct and like to console themselves with the significance of comparison.

The death of Leo XIII.—as, indeed, the death of any Pope—brings back to one's recollection the sort of patronage which the Papacy has given to music during many centuries. The Sixtine Choir has practically made its fame through the avenues of Papal influence. The present writer has heard that celebrated choir both in St. Peter's and in the Vatican Palace itself. Though it is impossible to praise it on what we regard nowadays as aesthetically musical grounds, one still has to remember the long tradition which lies behind its present existence. Palestrina, Allegri, and

other composers scarcely seem to have made much impression upon the generation that succeeded their day; but that the Papal influence was good for the art of music the elaborate scores of these great Masters prove.

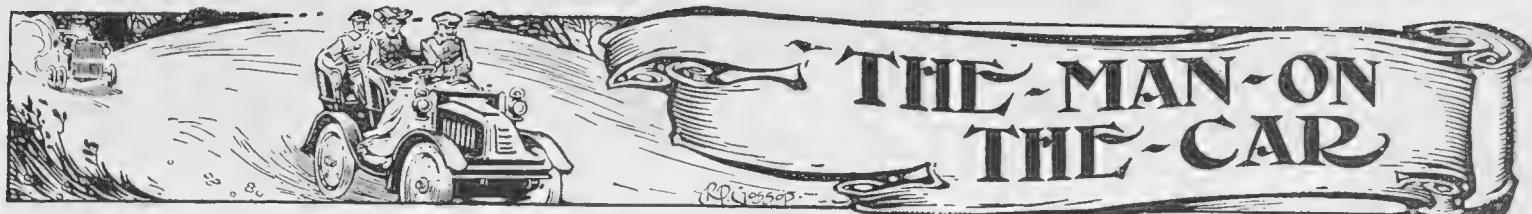
COMMON CHORD.

Of her gifted mother's countless admirers few will recognise under the name of Miss Jean Mackinlay the daughter of Madame Antoinette Sterling. Miss Mackinlay has inherited the famous singer's singularly sweet and sympathetic expression and talking voice, and though she has not followed her mother's example and herself adopted music as a profession, she has, of course, lived in the company of "the Heavenly Maid" since her babyhood. Together with Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Mackinlay does the honours of a very charming house in St. John's Wood, being quite content with her pleasant rôle of home-bird to the busy mother and brothers.



MISS JEAN MACKINLAY, DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

*Photograph by Caswall Smith.*



*English Cars—The Motor Bill—Dust—At the Seaside—Sir Thomas Dewar.*

IT is pleasant indeed to be able to reflect upon the successes of English-built cars, and during the Irish fortnight the 20 horse-power Humber owned by Mr. J. W. Cross afforded those who look forward eagerly to the time when England shall brook no rival in automobile-construction opportunities for congratulation. In the Phoenix Park speed-trials, Mr. Cross's Humber won the Johnson Trophy out of an entry of eighteen cars, representing the best of this country and the Continent, following up this victory by another in the handicap for the *Graphic* Trophy, and, later still, in the speed-trials at Cork, when, in Class E, for cars costing over six hundred and fifty pounds and under one thousand, the 20 horse-power Humber again proved speedier than all the vehicles pitted against it.

The Motor-car Bill has passed the House of Lords, and before these words are in type will be before the Commons. Except that defacement of private carriages by numbering and licensing of private individuals to drive have been retained, the Lords have not burdened the Government measure with restrictive amendments, and, should the Bill become law as it left the Peers, it will still be possible for the automobilist to exist in this country. But, from what I hear, the terms of the measure are to be torn to ribbons in the Commons, where a rabid anti-motoring section, headed by Mr. Wason, Member for the Orkneys and the Shetlands, are waiting to pounce upon it. To retain the merest semblance of freedom, it will be necessary for automobilists throughout the country to lock up their ranks and bring every ha'porth of influence they can to bear upon their local representative. Let them put aside the ephemera of speed—I mean, dangerous speed—for the moment (that will right itself very shortly) and consider the terrible set-back a really repressive measure, such as retrogradists like Mr. Wason and his following hunger after, will exert upon a growing industry and trade in a country in which every day the cry goes up that industries and trade are waning away.

The least important half of the dust question is the protection of the occupants of the car from the powdery shower, but simple and

comparatively inexpensive devices which effect this are really worthy of note. Some little time since, I came across a Panhard car which its owner had had fitted with a kind of hood or scoop, so formed that, rocking on pivots on each side of the rear of the tonneau, it could be swung over until it met the back of the front-seat, and then formed a screen and roof against driving wind and rain, or, turned right back, hung over the car in such wise that it made a wind-scoop, throwing the air caught in it down towards the road, and so preventing the dust from rising in the vacuum made by a running car behind and smothering the rearmost passengers.

Automobilists who contemplate a sojourn by the sad sea-waves during the holiday season and intend to keep their automobiles *au bord de la mer* should not fail to bear in mind the effect of salinated air on all plated parts, and the deleterious effect which salt-water, with which the roadways of so many seaside places are frequently watered, has upon pneumatic tyres. The rust-producing effect of the salty air can be avoided by thinly coating all the bright parts with vaseline; but, to save the rubber of the tyres from the effects of the salt, these should be carefully washed with fresh or, preferably, soft water directly the car comes from a run.

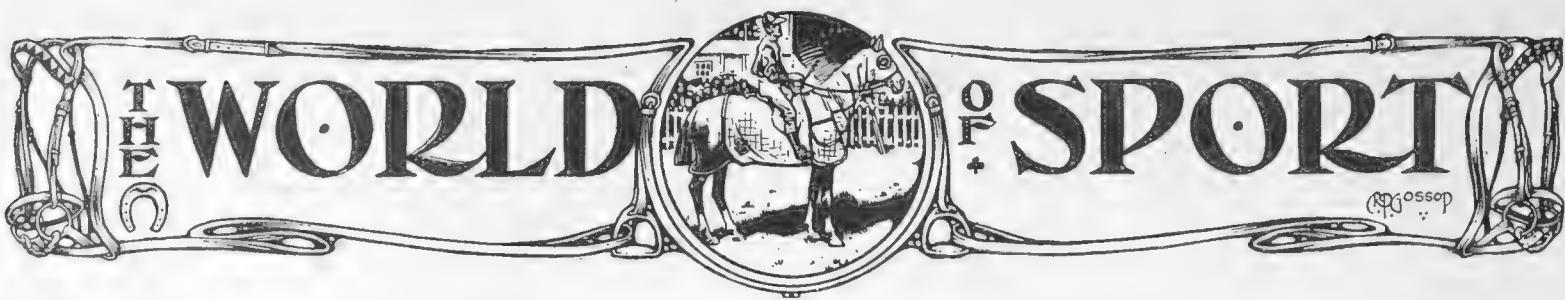
Sir Thomas Dewar, the popular Member for St. George's, Tower Hamlets, and once-time Sheriff of the City of London, is well known as a great traveller and a good all-round sportsman. He knows every part of the British Empire, is well acquainted with the European Continent, has visited the United States and Japan, and, as a result, embodied his experiences in an interesting book, entitled "A Ramble Round the Globe." Though he has a fine stud of horses in training at Newmarket and is a keen follower of racing, Sir Thomas never bets. He was one of the pioneers of motoring in this country, and usually travels to those race-meetings held within easy distance of London in one of his cars. Sir Thomas owns two Panhards and a De Dion. The Panhard shown in the illustration is his favourite car and he has driven it more than twenty thousand miles.



Sir Thomas Dewar.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR DRIVING HIS FIFTEEN HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



Goodwood—Doncaster—Sceptre's Defeat.

THE country in and around Goodwood is looking very pretty just now, and the old park is charming to the eye and pleasant to the feet, as the velvety turf is the best of good going. The racing should be good the week through, and some of the two-year-old events will attract big fields. Huntly is said to be a good thing for the Lavant Stakes, and St. Arnaut may win the Prince of Wales's Post Sweepstakes, which is worth £2600. The Rous Memorial Stakes ought to go to Fiancée, a very smart two-year-old indeed. The three-year-old events may attract some good performers to the post. Gay Gordon, who was backed at Ascot to beat Sceptre, ought certainly to win the Sussex Stakes, and Prince Soltykoff, who has had cruel luck for years, ought to capture the Nassau Stakes by the aid of Sun Rose, who, I believe, was tried to be useful prior to the race for the

he could not live with Ard Patrick and Sceptre after reaching the bend for home, and I incline to the opinion that the three-year-olds of 1902 were far in advance of the classic horses of 1903. But Rock Sand will be returning to his own class at Doncaster, and he has only to repeat his Epsom performance to be returned a handsome winner. Many people are hoping M. Blanc may start Vinicius at Doncaster. I hope so too, but the result will be the same as at Epsom. The Doncaster Cup might produce a good contest if St. Maclou, Arizona II., and Zinfandel were to oppose Ard Patrick. The latter would, I expect, have my vote.

Words have been bandied of late over the defeat of Sceptre by Ard Patrick, and some of the self-styled critics have gone out of their



TATTERSALL'S AND THE JOCKEY CLUB ENCLOSURE.



THE GRAND STAND.



THE LAWN.



THE PADDOCK.

## THE GOODWOOD MEETING (JULY 28-31): SOME TYPICAL SCENES.

One Thousand Guineas. The winners of the handicaps will take some finding. Laconia may capture the Goodwood Plate, Child's Guide has a chance in the Drayton Handicap, Country Boy should run well for the Singleton Plate, and The Bishop has a taking weight for the Goodwood Corinthian Plate.

The Doncaster Race Committee are making preparations for a bumper attendance at their meeting to take place on Sept. 8 and three following days. It is hoped that His Majesty the King will attend on at least three of the days, and he is to see Mead run for the St. Leger. The colt has a very fair chance, too, of winning, as Rock Sand certainly did not cover himself with glory in the race for the Eclipse Stakes, when he struck me as being shin-sore. Anyway,

way to blame Hardy for Mr. W. Bass's mare having to put up with second place. I have never held a brief for Sceptre, but I must say that up till now I have gone blindly with the crowd in thinking her the best of her year. But the time has arrived to modify my opinions. I am already convinced that Ard Patrick could have given her another 5 lb. and have beaten her in the race for the Eclipse Stakes, and I base my opinion on one little circumstance. On rounding the bend, Madden rushed to the front and took his place on the rails, and after that point I feel certain he knew that he had Sceptre settled, and I am convinced that he could have rushed out again at the Number Board and have won by a clear length had he so chosen. I looked Sceptre over before the race. She was as fit as a fiddle, which shows that she was fairly beaten on her merits.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES PAGES.

THE cheerful bustle of London in Season is over at last and completely. Drawn blinds, shuttered-up windows, and dusty denizens of window-boxes are the outward and visible signs of departed occupants, while the streets show symptoms of the unfailing autumnal country-cousin, and even the sales have no more bargains to beguile with now that July draws its expiring breath. Why, by the way, do the country-cousin, the American, and other strangers from far lands choose August as the time for visiting this village, when London is, from the attractive point of view, in a comatose condition? Yet come they will and do, walking in a deserted Park, gazing into *démodé* shop-windows, going to a few dull plays, lingering in desolate thoroughfares as if they enjoyed it amazingly, while the only amazing thing is that they should be here at all.

Meanwhile, the exodus is almost complete for *nous autres*, and the matter of moment in the immediate future seems to be Cowes and how to dress there. Every woman worth her salt and salt-water, sartorially speaking, is this year taking one of the German long military coats, which are so smart and so suggestive of the Teutonic officer, whether rendered in dark blue, black, or white. The latter are very *chic* built in rough cloth with smooth gold buttons and straight-cut collar of black velvet. White serge frocks are popular, too, with reefer-shaped coats, and so are, and ever will be, the naval serge, brightened with gold braid and buttons, with the addition of a coarse canvas shirt, cream-coloured, but liberally cross-stitched with Turkish designs in red and blue cotton. The linen hats of the moment I do not like. They look fairly well the first time or "two times" worn, but take on a dusty and dismal air too soon, while with a shower they become literally overcome. Powder-blue is one of the fashionable autumn colours, and is less trying to the complexion than other members of the blue family, notably turquoise and Wedgwood shades. Still, girls with that soupçon of amber in their facial tints which poor Whistler

used to be so fond of will do well to eschew powder-blue. It has a wonderful way of proving people sallow—fatal word. Those high boned sashes that have been introduced this year are wonderfully smart and tidy up one's back-view at the waist so satisfactorily. A knowing friend invested in one when in Paris, and her maid took it to



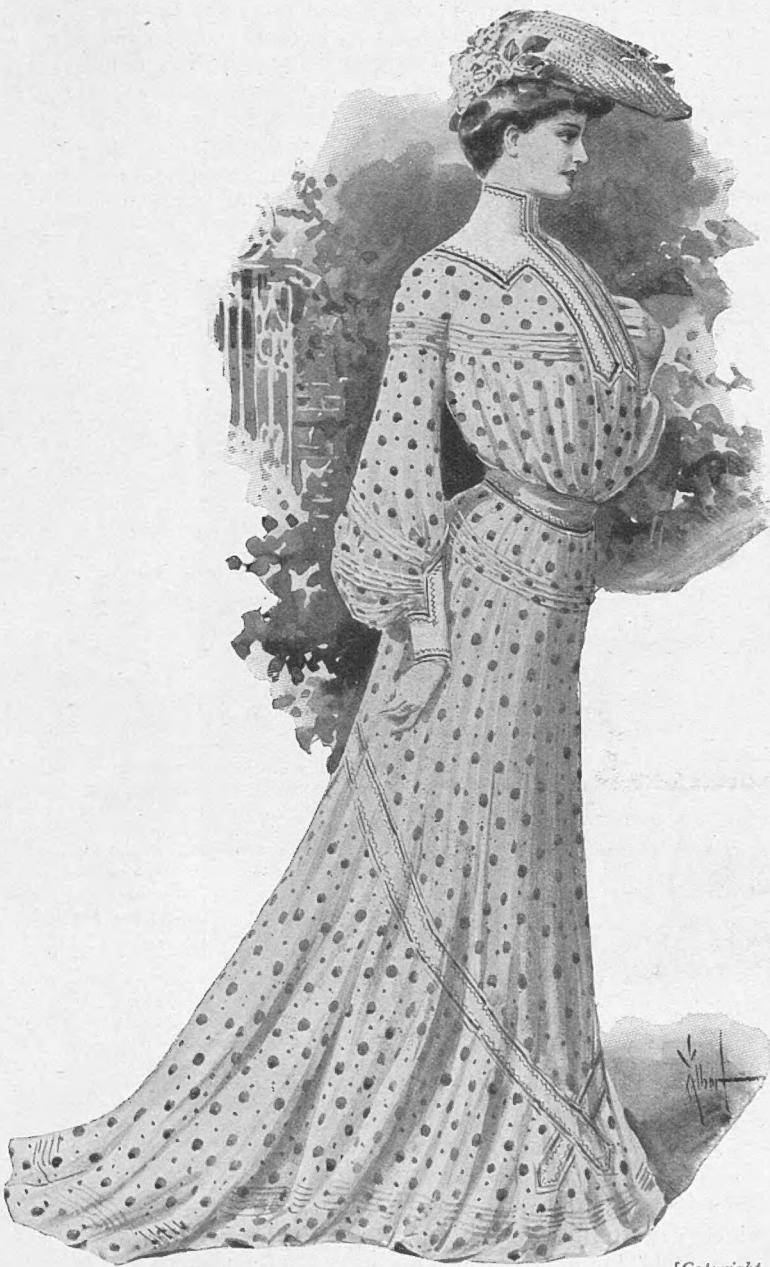
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A WHITE FLANNEL WITH RED EMBROIDERY AND STITCHING.

pieces and copied it in half-a-dozen different ribbons to go with blouses and skirts. They take only two and a-half yards of wide ribbon, and are made with two loops at the top, some cunning twists, and finished with two tabs, being eminently becoming to the figure.

Some months ago, when discussing fortunes and how to make them with a wine-grower of great repute, I heard him say that hundreds of thousands sterling waited for the man who could invent a substitute for the champagne-cork or discover the antidote to that microbe that lurks in corks and is responsible for the spoiled nectar that is recognised as corked wine. He who panders to luxury is, however, less sure of fame and all it represents materially than the other who discovers an antidote to any ill that poor human nature inherits. A pill or a potion that reaches one ill in a million poor humans should not alone be crowned with golden bays but auriferous numerals as well, for the very proof of his attained wealth lies in its wide adoption. Which train of philosophic thought is induced by the good news that someone has at last discovered a sovereign specific for that dread disease of asthma. Briefly, this is called the "Ozomatic Cure" for hay-fever and asthma and nasal catarrh.

The outfit, which consists of a "nebulizer," to spray the vegetable liquid through nose and throat to the bronchial tubes, costs thirty shillings, and an accompanying pamphlet assures us that no danger to heart or nerves is possible from the use of the "Ozomatic Cure," and a foot-note adds that the liquid given with the outfit is enough to last a year. When it is considered what hundreds are spent on all possible or promised cures by those who suffer, an extra thirty shillings will not



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY SPOTTED MUSLIN.

seem a rash investment. But the best advertisement must ever lie in *proof*, and if the Ozomatic Cure fulfils even a part of its promises it will soon need no praise from pamphleteers to assure fame and name to its inventors. At the present time, the headquarters of the Ozomatic Syndicate are at 115, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, where letters may be addressed.

Referring to the amalgamation of the Association of Diamond Merchants at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, and the Diamond Merchants' Alliance, Limited, at 68, Piccadilly, to which we recently called attention



NEW DESIGNS IN PENDANTS AT THE DIAMOND MERCHANTS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED.

in these columns, it is interesting to note that the stock of the Diamond Merchants' Alliance in Piccadilly has been reduced to the level of Strand prices, and many bargains are therefore to be picked up at the present moment as a result of the connection. Besides this advantage, the instalment system of monthly payments has been adopted by both establishments, much to the advantage and adornment of lovely woman, who is thus enabled to obtain possession of valuable jewellery upon the very easiest terms. A few examples of new designs in pendants will be found on this page, the prices of which are surprisingly low when the size and quality of the stones employed are considered.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FROU-FROU.**—One of the Donegal tweeds, made with a military collar and wide sleeves buttoned in at the wrist, is what you want. They defy time and tempest, looking well to the last. You can get these smart tweeds anywhere in Ireland, and are then sure that they are genuine. The same applies to Irish poplin, which is to be worn this autumn. The French material called Bengaline is a copy, and not a good one, of poplin, the silk being mixed with cotton instead of worsted.

**COUNTRY HOUSE.**—The short "Brise-bise" silk curtains with lace inset are the most serviceable, and for the drawing-room I should be inclined to advise another importation from Paris which we know as the "Bonne Femme." They are more elaborate and handsome than any other style of lace curtain, and, as you are spending so much money on the interior, the added outlay for the windows will repay you.

SYBIL.

Mr. Mulholland has arranged with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her entire Company from the New Theatre to re-open the King's Theatre on Saturday next, Aug. 1. The engagement is for seven nights and one matinée, during which "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will be played at least six times.

#### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Forty-two (from April 22 to July 15, 1903) of THE SKETCH can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

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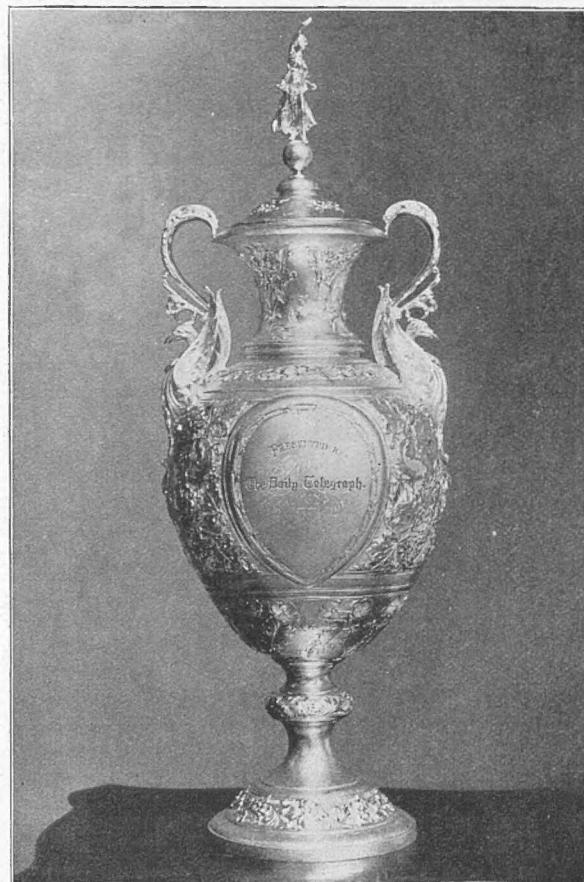
#### A NEW OPERA.

"**MAGUELONE**," the new opera by M. Missa, was produced for the first time on any stage at Covent Garden last week.

The music is a most curious combination of the neo-Italian school and the French school, which, so far, has found its culmination in M. Massenet. The plot belongs to the "blood-and-thunder" order of things, for it rather errs on the side of emotional excitement. Now, violence without beauty cannot be said to belong to the highest department of aesthetic art; and one is very much afraid that "Maguelone" possesses too large a proportion of violence and too small a fraction of beauty to make it really interesting, if one considers the right proportion of artistic achievement. In short, the piece may be described as a sort of "Carmen" *manquée*; and therein lies quite a small tragedy in the little avenues of art. Madame Calvé was a wonderful exponent of the part of Maguelone; but she realised with too insistent an appreciation, which almost amounted to genius, the fact that she was called upon to produce a new interpretation of Carmen. Therein lay the disappointment, which, no doubt, touched the public, and for which the composer was really responsible; for he had not in truth created a new Carmen. So it turned out that the public, most unfortunately, were not called upon to witness a repetition of one of the biggest artistic successes of modern times.

If such a criticism as this seems to be somewhat severe, it is only necessary to quote one slight paragraph, which describes the plot of the opera and which the Covent Garden Opera Management was good enough to supply in their programmes. "At this juncture," so the phrase runs, "Castelan suddenly appears, sees what is happening, and kills Cabride. A number of fishermen appear, and Maguelone, to save her lover, snatches the weapon from his hands, and, pointing to the corpse of Cabride, cries out, 'It is I who struck him!'" It is almost impossible not to smile over such ridiculous situations of semi-comic tragedy as this to which—to be quite frank—"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" have given birth. In hearing such an opera as this, one is very much inclined to remember the closing lines of "Vanity Fair": "Come, children, let us put up the box and the puppets, for the play is played out." The sideways schools of music have their day, they have lived their little life of glory; but one remembers that it is twenty years since Wagner's death, and there has been no master of opera who has yet continued his great tradition. Neither "Maguelone" nor another (to give Tennyson in parody) has done this thing.

Prominent among the many prizes offered for competition at the Bisley Meeting of the National Rifle Association was the Cup presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. This beautiful trophy, the



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP FOR BISLEY.

order for which was entrusted to Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, consists of a richly chased two-handled vase, standing, with its ebonised plinth, 38 in. high. It is surmounted by a figure of Victory.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 11.*

## THE GILT-EDGED MARKET.

**T**HINGS have been very unpleasant in the Consol Market of late. The public won't look at Municipal 3 per cent. Stocks, and even Colonials seem to have lost their attraction. The underwriters of the Brighton issue got, it is said, 93 per cent., and the Queensland issue is not likely to be a great success. It is certain that most of the firms who make a practice of underwriting this class of stock are inclined to hold aloof, as they are unwilling to be saddled with further large blocks of stock, which probably means that their bankers don't care about carrying much more for them.

Nobody can make out exactly what is the matter, but the public are doing nothing in any class of stock, and are as apathetic with regard to Consols or the New Transvaal Loan, as to Kaffirs or Westralians. Some people think that borrowings have exceeded the normal increase of national capital, and it is merely a case of going too fast which has brought about the present state of affairs, and when we look at the range of concerns which have in vain appealed of late for support we are very inclined to take this view. A law preventing any fresh issues for twelve months would be a fine thing, and probably do more permanent good than even an official denial of the Russo-Japanese difficulty.

## HOME RAILWAY DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Proprietors of Home Railway Ordinary stocks may well declare that there is a specially malevolent fate dogging the footsteps of their securities, for in spite of all the cheering factors that can be reckoned up—and those of the past three months are by no means a few—the market for Home Rails remains as depressingly stagnant and flat as ever. The latest argument trotted out to account for the persistent refusal of the public to support this market has reference to the alarming number of new investments which are coming on the Stock Exchange at a rate far beyond that which could be comfortably met in the current financial state of affairs. To mention the latest Queensland 3½ per cent. stock at 96 as an illustration, the rate of interest is a full ten shillings per cent. above what a Trustee stock should bear at such a price of issue, and yet the Colony must have the money somehow or other, whatever terms it may be needful to bow down to. And who will buy Home Rails, it is demanded, when such other stocks can be obtained to yield practically the same percentage?

The answer to this contention must surely be that there are a good many people who would prefer to put money, if they had it, into sound Home Railway Ordinary stocks than into Colonial Loans, but, of course, there is sound enough sense in the earlier argument. After all, however, the dearth of funds available for investment—due to causes that have their root in the outbreak of the Three Years' War—is the only positive reason to which one can point with certainty as explanation for the existing state of the market. And the Home Railway section is, of course, very far from being alone in its complaint of that public apathy which spells low prices and a disappointing market.

## POSSIBILITIES IN YANKEES.

Provided that the operator confine himself strictly to the best class of Yankee Railroad shares, there is no reason at all why he should not make his holiday expenses out of the American Market. We would go further, and suggest that those British holders who took advantage of the prices when quotations were staggering to their zenith, and whose shares went across the herring-pond after being sold at the inflated values, should begin to consider the advisability of repurchasing. In our last issues we have endeavoured to point out the comparative cheapness of a few of the best-class Yankees, New York Central, Illinois, and, as a bad third, Pennsylvanias, which last would commend themselves more to us had not the Company's capital been so excessively increased within the past year or two. But Penns will, no doubt, have their part in the improvement which is likely to set in before very long for those Yankees on which dividends are being not only paid but earned. Passing such things as the United States Steel Preferred and Common, we would suggest that Milwaukees are well worth attention once more. They pay virtually 5 per cent. on the money invested, and may now be considered as leading the latter-day investment Yankee shares. Or Atchison 5 per cent. Preferred may be cited as cheap-looking. The Common stock is now in receipt of a regular dividend, and there really seems no reason why the Preferred should not stand at par instead of about nine points under. Much more speculative, but still a semi-investment share, Denver Preferred at 80 pays over 6 per cent.

on the money. Union 4 per cent. Preferred is, again, a much better security, and at 90 the yield comes to about 4½ per cent. Selections made from amongst such shares can hardly fail to turn out well unless the United States should be caught by some unexpected cataclysm of convulsion in its commercial relations.

## THE WESTRALIAN GAMBLERS.

Speculative interest having been quite ousted from the Kaffir and West African Markets by the animation now prevailing in the Westralian, it behoves the operator who cares to deal in the Dog-days to turn his attention to some of the Kangaroo counters. It is a thousand pities that the West Australian Market cannot exist without some disagreeable development constantly going on in its midst. The outsider finds it exceedingly difficult to judge of the merits and demerits of the Associated Northern Blocks case, for instance; while the hot dispute now in progress with regard to the famous No. 4 lode of the Golden Horseshoe property that is supposed to have got into the Great Boulder ground adds one more element of confusion to those who hold the shares of either Company as a speculative investment. So far as Horseshoes are concerned, it must be admitted that the comparatively high price of the shares offers a tempting target for bear operations when the market is looking at all dismal, and although Great Boulders are really very much higher, taking the nominal value of the shares as a standard, they do not look so attractive to the bear brigade, from the mere fact that their price offers comparatively few opportunities of making anything like a big coup. Advices from the other side strongly recommend purchases of Great Boulders, even at the present price, but we think that a relapse might be awaited before the operator takes a hand in the game. Associated Northern Blocks will, doubtless, form the pivot of a hot fight between the bulls and bears, and only the professional gambler who goes for a short profit should attempt to measure himself

against the opposing forces in the market unless he is quite prepared to hold the shares for some time before he sees a profit. As to the jump in Smeltings, we think that the price will probably be carried to 50s., unless those who are buying the shares completely change their minds. Most of the rumours current with regard to the price at which the shares are to be paid off lack certainty of knowledge, but anyone who wants a gamble may rest assured of a good one for his money in buying Smelting shares.

## OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

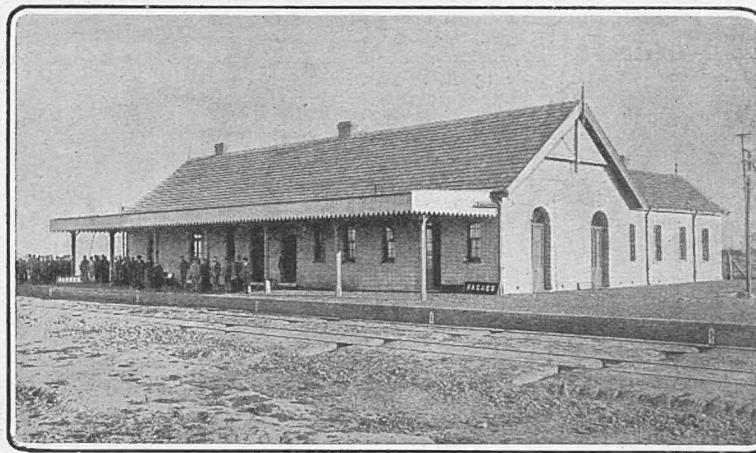
We are able to give our Johannesburg Correspondent's views on the Robinson group of mines this week. Randfontein and Langlaagte are such important factors in the South African market that our readers cannot fail to be interested in the impartial views put forward upon them from the spot by our very able Correspondent.

## THE ROBINSON GROUP OF MINES.

No one of the Rand millionaires is less popular in Johannesburg than Mr. J. B. Robinson. Yet Randfontein and Langlaagte are names to conjure with even on the Rand, and, so far as the merits of his group of mines are concerned, there is no apparent reason why "J. B." should not be as popular as Sir George Farrar, for instance. One reason for Mr. Robinson's undoubtedly unpopularity is the arbitrary, hole-and-corner manner with which the Robinson Companies are conducted. It is not that Mr. Robinson has anything in particular to hide. His Companies are well and reputably managed, but he seems incapable of understanding that the public, as the predominant partner in his concerns, are entitled to more information, more consideration. The days when the Chairman of the Randfontein or any other Company can play the autocrat with his shareholders are past, and Mr. Robinson would be well advised to recognise the fact.

A native of the Cape Colony, Mr. Robinson's early days were spent in trading with the Boers. While still a young man, he gravitated to Kimberley, made money at diamond-mining, and subsequently learned the bitter experience of a mining slump in the great depression which preceded the De Beers amalgamation. He was none too affluent when in the very early days he found his way to the Witwatersrand, but there Fortune smiled graciously upon him. He secured one of the big plums, the farm of Langlaagte, for a mere bagatelle, so little were the potentialities of the Rand known in 1886-87, and gave his name to what is still regarded as the premier mine of the Rand. It is now under the Beit control. Later, Mr. Robinson directed his attention to the extreme west of the Rand and acquired the vast mining property known as Randfontein Estates, much the biggest mining area on the Rand.

The parent Randfontein Company was formed in 1889, and how true was the mining instinct which guided Mr. Robinson to this particular locality has only been fully borne out in recent years. The Company was formed, like many others on the Rand, without visible proof of the value of the ground, hence the shares for a long time were under par, but Mr. Robinson's faith in the ultimate success of the Company never wavered. In 1892 a 40-stamp mill was erected at Rietpan, but, owing to the great difficulties of those early days and to the fact that imperfect prospecting had only partly disclosed the true wealth of Randfontein, its results were little better than a failure. In 1894 the next step forward was taken, the first subsidiary Companies being formed and the parent Company taking the position of a proprietary concern, like the East Rand Proprietary. The Porges Randfontein took over the 40-stamp mill and enlarged it to 60 stamps. Other subsidiaries formed in 1894-95 were the North, Robinson, Mynpacht, and Block "A" Companies, while in 1896 the South Randfontein was created by the subdivision of the Porges. The formation of these six subsidiary Companies and the announcement at the end of 1895 that others were



A TYPICAL COUNTRY STATION ON THE CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY.

to be formed necessarily implied diligent prospecting with successful results. It is important to note that all the Companies so far had been formed on the strength of what is known as the Randfontein Leader, a mere stringer, usually a few inches in thickness, but very rich, though yielding only a comparatively poor return. The sorting-out of barren or non-payable rock was not then practised in the systematic way it is on the Rand nowadays, hence a thirty or thirty-six inch stope neutralised the few inches of rich ore.

It may seem incomprehensible that all these years nothing should have been known of the west (or No. 2) reef, since proved and partially opened up for a stretch of six or eight miles, or of the further reef, known provisionally as No. 3, opened up for 300 feet on the Robinson Randfontein. The former lies parallel with the original leader at a distance westwards of 150 feet, dipping under the leader in the same direction as the leader (eastwards), and, after making every allowance for the depth of formation overlying and every other hindrance to intelligent prospecting, we can only regard it as a mining puzzle that nothing should have been known publicly of the existence of this reef, a moderately thick body, till 1898. In a lesser degree the non-discovery of No. 3 reef, fifty feet west of No. 2, till the beginning of 1899 is another conundrum.

The opening-up of No. 2 reef in 1898-9 revolutionised men's ideas of the value of the Randfontein property. Should it be proved by further exploratory work that No. 3 reef also extends continuously throughout the property, the value will be enhanced still further. It is not improbable that additional discoveries of value may be made; indeed, a No. 4 reef, six feet thick, was struck in a bore-hole before the War. But even with only the leader and No. 2 reef, the twelve subsidiaries formed to date can do very well. The latter is a good-sized body of ore, fully justifying the providing of 100 stamps for each of the six Companies within sight of the milling stage. It varies considerably in value, as any six-mile stretch of reef on the Rand does; but, as a whole, it represents very fair profits, even without allowing for the substantial reduction of costs which will certainly take place at the Randfontein subsidiaries, with the milling capacity of each increased to 100 stamps, railway-sidings provided for each, cheaper dynamite, cheaper cyanide, and the economies which will be possible with an up-to-date plant designed by Mr. Pope Yeatman, the General Manager, and Mr. Pitchford, Mechanical Engineer, both men of repute in their profession. In the Porges, the official assays, so far, give an average of 11·2 dwt. in this new west reef over a working stope, and in the South Randfontein the average is 11·3 dwt. In the other mines the average will probably not vary materially from 11 or 12 dwt. This, it will be observed, is considerably below the figure given in Mabson's book on the Transvaal mines, and the average thickness of reef-matter also falls appreciably below the figure put forward by Mabson; but even 11 dwt. in these days represents a thoroughly payable proposition, while the thickness of the reef is usually sufficient for a workable stope.

The South Randfontein has, so far, shown up best of the subsidiaries, giving a yield of 46s. a ton for a short period before the War. Operations were resumed at the mine in November 1901, and the unwatering process occupied till April 1902. Since then, development has been pushed steadily on, as well as the erection of the additional plant. With sufficient labour the full 100 stamps can be dropped almost any day, and, as there are about 200,000 tons of ore developed (though this is not a sufficiently large reserve for 100 stamps), good results may be predicted, the official assays for both leader and west reef showing an average of fully 13 dwt. This Company paid a 10 per cent. dividend before the War.

The Porges, North, and Robinson Randfontein are each in the position of having from 100,000 to 200,000 tons of good payable ore developed on the leader and west reef. Each, also, will be ready to drop 100 stamps long before there is sufficient labour to keep this number at work. The Block "A," Mynpacht, West and East Randfontein are not so well advanced, and little or no work has been done upon them since the war. The Ferguson, Van Hulsteyn, Johnstone, and Stubbs Randfontein, work on which was only commenced shortly before the War, are also in a dormant state, waiting for the advent of the "pigtailed," or other form of unskilled labour. It should be made clear that the leader and west reef have been traced throughout these twelve subsidiaries and the No. 3 reef has also been tapped at different points, though there has not yet been time to demonstrate its continuous existence. Everyone is aware that these twelve subsidiaries are far from exhausting the enormous potentialities of the Randfontein property, and quite recently a further stretch of virgin country to the south, including Middlevlei, &c., was practically proved by the rich strike on Gemsbokfontein made by the Western Rand Estates. This adds a few more miles of reef to the Randfontein Estates, and even then the possibilities of the Company are not exhausted. At present the parent Company holds four and a-quarter million shares in its subsidiaries, and it has still ground to be exploited which will give it possibly as many more. Its other assets are considerable, including half-a-million trees, now ready for use, and the site of a prospective township. If the capital of the Company is heavy, its assets are bulky and valuable.

A point to be noted in connection with the west reef is that its working will involve little cost, the original shafts, drives, &c., for the working of the leader being all available. Before passing from Randfontein, it must be remarked that one of the most sensible things ever done by Mr. Robinson was to call in Mr. J. H. Hammond as his adviser and consulting engineer on this property. Mr. Hammond was given a free hand, and the business-like work proceeding on Randfontein to-day (however badly it may be kept back by the ever-present labour scarcity) is all on the lines of his suggestions. It was Mr. Hammond who brought Mr. Pope Yeatman and Mr. Pitchford to the property, and no better appointments could have been made.

Nothing new can be said with reference to the Langlaagte Estate. Its record as a steady dividend-payer is of many years' standing, and is likely to be kept up for a good many years to come. With a 200-stamp equipment (only a portion at work) the mine is one of the biggest producers on the Rand. The reefs are big in this property and costs are consequently low. Block "B" Langlaagte has had an indifferent career, but in the days of lower costs upon which we are surely entering it may be expected to do better. Langlaagte Star is another of the group which, with lower working expenses may yet show satisfactory results. It only remains to mention the Orange Free State and Transvaal Diamond Mining Company (formerly the Robinson), which, like a good many similar ventures, has been somewhat poorly endowed by Nature. The quality of the diamonds in this mine is all right, but the quantity does not satisfy the discriminating investor.

Saturday, July 25, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

**NOVICE.**—For shares over £2 in price sixpence is the usual brokerage, but some respectable brokers would do it for a shade less if you handed them the scrip with the order, so that they knew there was no risk.

**INSURANCE.**—We know that the socialistic tendencies of the New Zealand Government have in some cases done much harm to private enterprise, but we cannot believe that shares worth 84s. "a short time ago" are now of no value. We advise you to write to one of the New Zealand Banks and ask them to make inquiries for you.

**NODIV.**—We know the Company you inquire about. Petroleum things have all been depressed by the low price of crude oil. The Company in question is grossly over-capitalised and is said to be badly managed. Its prospects are not hopeful.

**W. B.**—The address is Bush Lane House, Cannon Street, E.C.

#### BANK HOLIDAY RAILWAY FACILITIES.

##### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the week preceding Bank Holiday. Pamphlets containing full particulars of the Bank Holiday excursions and other arrangements will be forwarded by the Company's divisional officers, station-masters, or town office agents. In addition to their Bank Holiday programme, it should not be forgotten that numerous excursions for varying periods are run during the holiday months to the beautiful West Country, including Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall; to Wales, Dorset, and the Channel Islands; also to riverside resorts on the Thames, and to Oxford, Leamington, and Shakspere's Country.

##### THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY

are announcing that by their Newhaven-Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday, Aug. 1, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 30 and 31 and Aug. 1 and 2. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 31 to Aug. 3, available for return up to the following Wednesday.

##### THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

issue special excursion tickets to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by the service leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. to-morrow, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and by the 10 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. services on Saturday. Tickets will also be issued by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m., each evening from July 30 to Aug. 2 inclusive, via Dover and Calais. Returning from Paris any day within fourteen days. Numerous other facilities are afforded those who wish to visit France, Belgium, or Holland, and the home arrangements include cheap return-tickets to the seaside resorts on the Company's system.

##### THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY

have issued a handy A. B. C. Programme, which sets forth very clearly the admirable arrangements they have made for August Bank Holiday. There will be excursions from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations, to Stratford-on-Avon, Rugby, Nottingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, Bridlington, Scarborough, Liverpool, Lytham, Blackpool, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), and other inland and seaside holiday resorts reached by the Company's expeditious and picturesque route. Copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station and the Company's town offices and agencies.

##### THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

issue a neat little programme of excursion arrangements to the well-known holiday and health resorts in the West of England, Somerset, Dorset, Hampshire, Wilts, the Isle of Wight, Channel Islands, and the French coast for Paris and the Continent. Fast excursions for various periods of from one to sixteen days have been arranged from London to the principal stations in these districts. A post-card sent to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E., will ensure a copy of the programme being forwarded.

##### THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run to-day and each Wednesday until Sept. 16, for eight days, to Sheringham, Cromer (Beach), Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth (Beach), Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe; to-morrow, and each Thursday until Sept. 24, for various periods, to Penrith, Keswick, Lytham, St. Annes, Blackpool, and Fleetwood. On Friday, July 31, and each alternate Friday until Sept. 25, for seven or sixteen days, to Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other stations in Scotland. On Saturday, for three, six, or eight days, from London to Cambridge, Ramsey, Huntingdon, Lynn, and other principal stations. Many other excursions will run, of which full particulars may be obtained at the Company's stations, town offices, or ticket agencies.

##### THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY

announce many attractive excursions to Ireland, Scotland, the Peak District, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c., and that the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday. Tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway and beyond will also be issued beforehand at any of their City and suburban booking-offices. The tickets obtained at these offices will be available from St. Pancras Station, and will be issued at the same fares as charged at that station, and dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

##### BANK HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels, available for eight days, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages and restaurant-cars being run to Berlin, Cologne, and Bale.